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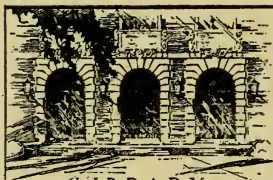


"WHO MAINTAINS OBTAINS"

—1900—



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LOVE AND PRIDE.

BY THE
AUTHOR OF " SAYINGS AND DOINGS,"
ETC.

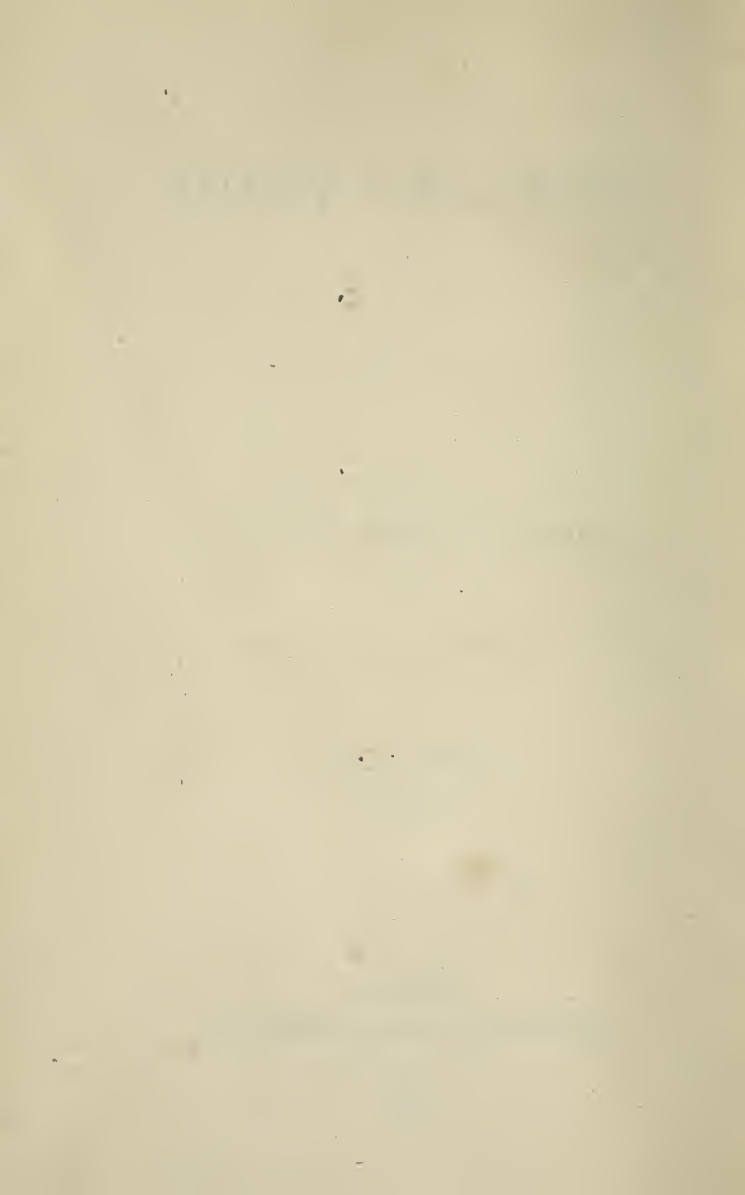
IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR WHITTAKER & Co.

AVE MARIA LANE.

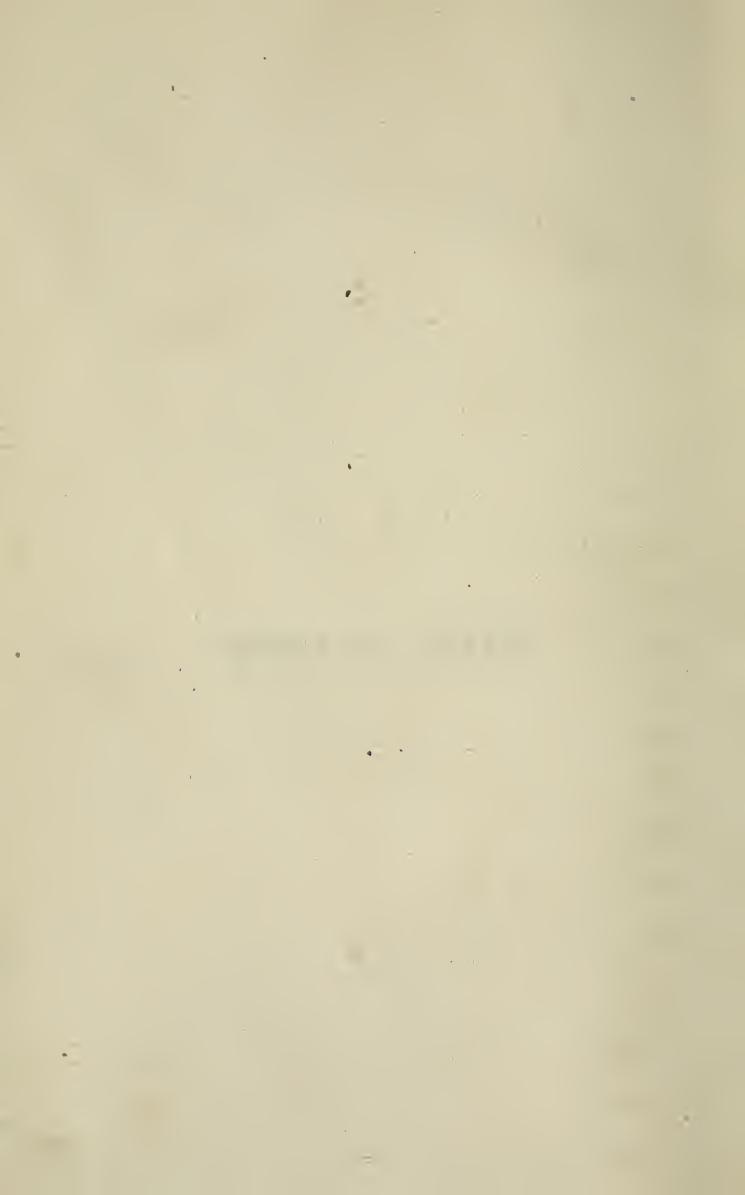
1833.



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THE WIDOW.

m. ms. Box 27 Feb. 50 Volney 234.



It seems as if, without a word or two of explanation, the reader would be puzzled, and perhaps disappointed, when he opened this volume, to find two stories instead of one, neither of them bearing the title which has been given to both united. He might, perhaps, fancy that a wrong title-page had been prefixed to the work, or a wrong work tacked to the title-page, and send to his bookseller for the right one.

The truth is, that the author was requested to write two stories ; and one being illustrative of LOVE and the other

of PRIDE, it was considered better to use the one generic title for both than the names of the two stories separately. This is the history of the discrepancy which, perhaps, after all is hardly worth mentioning.

London, November, 1833.

THE WIDOW.

CHAPTER I.

“AT three to-morrow then,” said Charles Saville.

The assenting look of the beautiful girl to whom these words were addressed in a whisper, left no doubt upon Charles’s mind of the punctuality of her attention to the appointment which he had just made to call in Harley-street, and form one of a party, which was to visit that most instructive and entertaining receptacle for natural curiosities, the Zoological Garden in the Regent’s Park.

The beautiful girl was speedily hurried away

from his side by her mother, and consigned to the care of an elderly gentleman; and after receiving an injunction to wrap her shawl closely about her, was by the same elderly gentleman handed down the Opera House staircase, followed by the said affectionate mother, who had accepted the arm of the aforesaid Charles Saville.

They reached the carriage which "stopped the way." The elderly gentleman deposited his treasure within it, and then having placed her mother by her side, bowed somewhat coldly to Saville, and stepped into the chariot himself. Flip, flap, flop, went the steps, bang went the door, up went the glass, up jumped the servant, at the word "Home," off dashed the horses, and away went the carriage, leaving Saville (somewhat wounded by the abruptness of the parting,) under the Haymarket Colonnade encircled by a cloud of smoke rising from the surrounding links, and enveloped in a still deeper cloud of thought and mystification.

Saville had made his acquaintance with Mrs.

Franklin and her daughter Harriet, (the ladies in the carriage,) early in the season which was now drawing to a close; to the latter he became daily and hourly more attached, and, truth to be told, the development of her amiable character and intellectual qualities, entirely justified the opinion which he had formed of her on their first introduction to each other. Mrs. Franklin liked him, found him agreeable, good-natured, and kind, and received him cordially and warmly at her house, where for the last five or six weeks he had been a very frequent visitor.

The intercourse however between the young people, constant as it had been, gave rise to no suspicions in the mind of Harriet's mother, that any thing of a tenderer nature than friendship, would be its result; and it is extremely probable that she would have gone on in this blissful state of security for months and years, had not her suspicions been awakened by her elderly and worldly friend Mr. John Smith, who, on his first visit in Harley-street, after his return to London, saw at a glance the real state of the

case, and established in his own mind, the extent to which the attachment between the lovers, as he decided them to be, had already gone.

Mr. Smith, it must be mentioned, was not wholly disinterested in the investigation of this delicate matter. He had been a particularly intimate friend of Miss Franklin's father, he continued the particularly intimate friend of Miss Franklin's mother, and this of itself, might be considered quite sufficient reason for his anxiety with regard to the welfare and prosperity of Miss Franklin herself; but this was not all,—Mr. Smith had formed the resolution of uniting his fate with the Franklins, by a more tender and permanent connexion, and had, since his return from Italy, where he much rejoiced to pass his winters, become as constant a visitor at the house of his late friend, as Charles Saville; and it was in consequence of thus frequently meeting him and the young lady together, that he had come to the conclusion, that it was quite right Mrs. Franklin should be put upon her guard with respect to the gentle Philander, whose fortune was purely

personal, and covered with his hat ; he had, in fact, nothing but an allowance of three or four hundred a year, and a dim and distant prospect of success at the bar, towards which, at the period we now refer to, he was eating his way, in Lincoln's Inn Hall.

In the eyes of Mr. Smith, who was immensely rich, no sin was so crying, no shame so fatal, as poverty. Having by industry and application to mercantile pursuits, amassed a vast fortune, he felt that in respecting wealth in others, he was paying himself a tacit compliment ; and having pretty well ascertained the amount of the possessions and expectations of Charles Saville, he thought the moment had arrived, when the eyes of his excellent friend should be opened to the dangerous position in which her lovely daughter was placed, by the permission of such an intimacy as evidently existed between her and the ill-starred object of the old gentleman's anger and suspicion.

It was rather unfortunate, by way of a coincidence, that this most opulent and respectable

gentleman, should have fixed one o'clock of the following day for a conversation with Mrs. Franklin, upon the subject of her daughter's sentiments towards Mr. Saville, who, it will be recollected, intended to do himself the honour of calling in Harley-street at three.

The moment Harriet heard of the arrangement, she felt a sort of intuitive certainty as to what would be the subject of the elderly gentleman's observations; in her confidence touching which, she was greatly supported by the circumstance of his having, during the preceding evening, thrown out one or two gentle hints of his displeasure at the intimacy which he perceived to exist between her and the young lawyer. That she dreaded the consequences of his discussion with her mother, is quite sufficient proof of the justice of Mr. Smith's suspicions: a sleepless night of anxious thoughts was the result of Mrs. Franklin's announcement of his intention, and when she came to breakfast, there was evidence in Harriet's eyes that she had shed abundance of tears.

The sound of the clock striking one, was followed almost instantaneously by the arrival of Mr. Smith, who, much to Harriet's relief, preferred her absence from the lecture he was about to read, and begged to be left *tête-à-tête* with her mamma.

One has heard of the proverb, which treats of the dexterity of killing two birds with one stone : the respectable Smith, at the moment to which we are referring, afforded in his own person a beautiful illustration of the venerable adage ; for at the instant that his knock at the door in Harley-street set Harriet's heart in a flutter of fear, it put that of her mamma into a state of gentle agitation with hope.

Mrs. Franklin had nothing to live upon but a jointure which, at her death, reverted to the family of her late husband, and Harriet had in all the world but four or five thousand pounds. From what had at different times escaped Mr. Smith's white lips, she had for more than two years expected that, which she now felt certain was at hand ; and although the respectable gentleman

would be her third husband, still it would be so desirable a thing in point of money and comfort—for a lone woman needs a protector—and of such wonderful advantage to dear Harriet, that the plump and buxom widow of fifty-five saw no just let, hindrance, or impediment, to her acceptance of the “lean and slippered” bosom friend of her late husband, at the age of sixty-four.

Thus were two hearts nearly allied to each other set beating, with very different passions, while the respectable Smith proceeded to open his mind to the senior lady of the two. *We* call him respectable from his age and station; but he *had* a *sobriquet*: he was generally known in the extensive circle of his own acquaintance, as Twaddle Smith. Smith is a common name, and it is absolutely necessary to prefix some distinctive epithet to it in order to mark the “man.” The “Rejected Addresses” have signalized two Smiths—Adam Smith is secured from the general confusion by the peculiarity of his christian name, (if Christian name Adam can be called,) Sidney Smith, the revered leader of battles,

and Sidney Smith, the reverend conductor of reviews, are also well distinguished from the common Smithfield herd; and so, in order to point the moral or adorn the tale, our elderly friend, just mentioned, was always called *Twaddle* Smith, for reasons, the value of which the reader will probably best appreciate, after having been permitted to hear the subject matter of his dialogue with his fat, fair, and fifty-five friend, Mrs. Franklin.

“Mrs.F.” said Mr. Smith,—it was a way he had of *initializing*—“ I have long wished to speak to you upon certain matters connected with the state and arrangement of your family and establishment, and I have been at length driven peremptorily to put my design into execution, by circumstances which appear to me to be extremely likely to embarrass you if they continue in their present state”

“ I shall be ready and too happy,” said the expectant widow, “ to adopt any suggestions which *you* may throw out for the better regulation of my little family affairs.”

“I will be candid upon one point in the outset,” said Mr. Smith; “I think that your favourite, Mr. Saville, is here considerably more than he should be. He is a beggar; smart and pert I admit, and sees, I dare say, a good deal of what is called the world; but I cannot endure that flippant manner with which he speaks upon all subjects,—a fellow of three hundred a year, Ma’am, has no right to talk so.”

“I never observed that sort of thing,” said Mrs. Franklin; “I think him pleasant and good humoured”——

“So does Harriet,” said Mr. Smith. “However, my dear Madam, if what I have more particularly to propose for your consideration to-day, should prove acceptable to you, all *that*, will be remedied by your removal, for some time, from the metropolis.”

“I am all attention,” said Mrs. Franklin.

“There is a prejudice,” said her elderly companion, “which has very generally obtained, but which I am sure is very ill founded, that a man long accustomed to bachelor habits is ill calcu-

lated to understand the happiness of married life ; I repeat, my dear Mrs. Franklin, that I am convinced of the fallacy of this opinion, or, as I before called it, prejudice."

" I really don't see," said Mrs. Franklin, who thought that she already began to perceive the drift of her most respectable friend's observations, " I really don't see why a man who has long lived single should be the less capable of appreciating the advantages of matrimony."

" You agree with me then," said Mr. Smith, " and I agree with you as to the advantages of which you speak—and who so well ? as a lady who has already twice entered the happy state. There can be no testimony so favourable to matrimony as a second marriage ; for who would return to a course of life after having been released from it, had it not been agreeable."

" I quite coincide with you there," said Mrs. Franklin, who began to feel the blood mounting into her cheeks, and her heart bumping not very gently in her bosom ; " I am sure, Mr. Smith, that as far as personal feelings go, a

second, or even a third marriage, is practically the greatest compliment to those who are gone ; for, as you have justly observed, who would contract a second matrimonial engagement, if they had not been happy in the first."

"Or who," said Mr. Smith, with an extremely gallant smile, "would enter into a third, unless she had been happy in the two former ones?"

Mrs. Franklin smiled at the remark, which was a perfect corroboration of all her best suspicions.

Mr. Smith was old, but he was rich—he was dull and prosy, but then he was good-natured and kind. He had no family connexions, although his namesakes were numerous ; and she thought, considering the slender character of her jointure, and the graceful smallness of her daughter's fortune, that if, as she foresaw, he intended to make her the offer, she would "pluck up a spirit," and take him as her third husband, not less estimable in her eyes from having been the intimate friend of her late much lamented second.

“ I confess, Mrs. F.” said the exemplary proser, “ that having now retired from business of every kind, I feel time hang heavy on my hands. I don’t see to read very well; I am too old to learn. I have nothing to write about, and although I belong to a most excellent and convenient club at the bottom of St. James’s-street, I find few contemporaries, or indeed companions there. I think I should like quiet, and a fine climate, and if I could establish myself, return to Italy, the garden of the world, for which I contracted a feeling of devotion when much younger, and to which I constantly look back with a longing anxiety to return to it.”

“ What could be more delightful,” said Mrs. Franklin.

“ Now, what is your opinion ?” said Mr. Smith. “ I am quite aware that I am a little farther advanced in life than the general run of bridegrooms; but, do you think—ah ! I see you smile—do you think I might find a being disposed to join her fate to mine, and permit me to make her the sole object of all my care and affection ?”

“ Dear Mr. Smith,” said Mrs. Franklin, “ how very oddly you talk ; how should *I* know.”

“ And yet,” said Mr. Smith, “ you are the only person in the world whom I should desire to consult upon the subject. Franklin, poor fellow, was considerably your senior when you were married ; and yet, pardon me for recurring to what is lost to us for ever, you were as happy as people could be.”

“ Very true,” said the lady ; “ and I am quite sure that any people may live happily and comfortably who, when they become, as in time they must, acquainted and familiarised with each other’s tempers and dispositions, make up their minds to concede a little now and then ; for as I have ever found it, the subjects of disagreement between men and their wives, are generally matters of very trivial importance in themselves.”

“ I flatter myself that in the event of succeeding in my object, I should be found quite ready to adopt your ideas upon these points,” said the matured lover ; “ and thus encouraged, I honestly

admit that I consider my hopes of future comfort and enjoyment to be in your hands."

"My dear Sir!" said Mrs. Franklin.

"So it is," said the elderly gentleman. "I think you must have observed the general tenor of my conduct and conversation for the last few days; and I have no difficulty in throwing myself upon your consideration. I never have seen a being calculated to form my happiness until now; and having made the admission, I shall wait an answer with a patience proportioned to my anxiety."

"Why, really," said Mrs. Franklin, "I—I declare to you, you have taken me so completely by surprise, that—"

"Did Harriet never mention any thing to you of what I have said to her upon the subject?"

"Harriet," said Mrs. Franklin, "not she; have you spoken to *her*?"

"Not, perhaps, in direct terms," said Smith; "but I have thrown out such hints as I thought she could not fail to understand."

"But why address *her* in the first instance?"

said Mrs. Franklin; "I honestly confess that her position as relative to mine, is one of the difficulties I feel in listening to the proposition—what would become of *her*?"

"Of course," said Mr. Smith, "she would go to Italy."

"But that might interfere with her prospects," said the mother.

"Her prospects!" said the old gentleman; "of course our prospects would be in common."

"Oh, I am quite sure of your honour and generosity," said Mrs. Franklin; "but at her time of life, she naturally expects attention and beaux, or, as we used to call them in former days, Mr. S., sweethearts."

"Why, to be sure," replied the lover, "and naturally enough; but not after she marries."

"Oh! no," said the lady; "but she is not married yet."

"But," said Smith, "going to be, I hope."

"What, to Mr. Saville?" said her mother; "how can you fancy such a thing—why, you say yourself the man's a beggar."

“ I flattered myself, I had enlightened you upon *this* subject,” said the elderly gentleman. “What I mean is that Harriet will not hesitate to accept of any advantageous offer which you yourself might approve ; she would not suffer any of the common prejudices against what is called a sad disparity of age, to interfere with her comfortable and respectable establishment in life.”

“ She has not,” said Mrs. Franklin, “ that I know of, had any occasion to form a determination upon such a proposal.”

“ The time then has arrived,” said the elderly Smith, getting animated. “ Surely I have already said sufficient with regard to my views, intentions, hopes, and propositions.”

“ Aye,” said Mrs. Franklin, “ as far as you and I are concerned, Mr. Smith ; but however willing I might be to listen to your solicitations, I suspect the effect produced upon *her*, by any such arrangement, would not very materially change her condition.”

“ My dear Mrs. Franklin,” said Smith, who

found that his aim was mistaken, and his object misunderstood, “ I fear I have not been sufficiently explicit in my conversation. You mistake me ; my proposition applies to Harriet ; her hand I solicit ; and my present view is to interest you in my behalf, and induce you not only to sanction my offer, but support it with your influence and authority.”

“ My dear Sir,” said Mrs. Franklin, opening her eyes to their very greatest width, and elevating her eyebrows to their extreme altitude, “ you surprise me !—Harriet—why she is a mere child.”

“ I am quite aware, as I before mentioned,” said the matured swain, “ that there exists a ‘ disparity of age ’ between us ; but still I flatter myself that her happiness will not be endangered by our union ; and I hope more especially for your aid and assistance in obtaining her consent, because, if I do not forget, your first marriage was made under somewhat similar circumstances : there was a ‘ disparity of age ’ in *that* case, and—”

“ You are perfectly right,” said Mrs. Frank-

lin, who, although greatly disappointed at the moment, by her companion's announcement of the real object of his affections, suddenly collected herself sufficiently to run through a hasty calculation in her mind, the result of which was, that Harriet would, if she married him, eventually become the possessor of all the wealth of the respectable Cræsus before her; and that, giving him the fair chances of an insurance office annuity table, he must infallibly leave her a young and blooming widow; circumstances, of the value and importance of which she was quite aware, from having undergone a similar process herself. So far, therefore, from checking the ardour of the swain, she confined her present exertions to concealing from him the mistake into which she had at first fallen, by fancying herself the goddess of his idolatry; and concluded a brief but interesting conversation, by sending for Harriet herself; and having given her counsel for her conduct in accordance with her own views of the merits of the case, led her, loth enough, to the drawing-room, where the *aspirant* to her

hand was waiting in breathless anxiety, and left the ill-assorted pair to their own inventions.

It was by this time just three o'clock; and scarcely had that hour arrived when the punctual and devoted Saville's well-known knock was sounded on the door. He was expected and admitted; and as the servants could know nothing of what was passing in the higher circles of the family, was ushered into the room where Corydon and Phyllis were billing and cooing. Any thing much more unlucky could not well have happened. Saville in a moment felt himself *de trop*. Smith scarcely recognised him, but there were tears in Harriet's eyes. Any attempt to rally would have been vain; and Charles was only rescued from his painful dilemma by a message from Mrs. Franklin, who begged him to come to her in her boudoir.

The conversation which passed between the parent and the pretender to Harriet's love was brief and bitter. Anticipating considerable difficulty in persuading her daughter into the very advantageous match now proposed, she did not

think it wise, or just, or prudent, or proper, to tell Saville distinctly or positively that she was "otherwise disposed of." She liked Saville extremely, and did not desire to wound his feelings more deeply than necessary ; indeed, a most whimsical notion came into her head, to which, as she never mentioned it except in strict confidence, it may appear unfair to allude, which was neither more nor less than the faint possibility of inducing Saville to change the direction of his affections in favour of herself ; for Saville had, during his acquaintance with the Franklins acted so sedulously upon the proverbial advice that

" He who would the daughter win,
Must with the mother first begin,"

that Mrs. Franklin, who moreover thought it might be well to offer her Harriet a practical justification of unequal marriages, was not quite sure that she might not be accepted by a young man, although she had been overlooked by the older one. Mrs. Franklin in making this calculation throwing into the favourable scale the fact,

that Saville was poor, and she was personally rich, and an opinion which she entertained that the lover's assiduities displayed to her daughter were considerably stimulated by a belief in her wealth, the histories about which were all without foundation. At all events, Mrs. Franklin wished to make Saville feel as easy as possible; and therefore, in a few hurried words, she endeavoured to explain that their party to the Zoological Gardens was temporarily postponed, but that she would let him know the moment it was re-arranged.

Having said this and rang the bell, she advanced so rapidly upon the astonished Saville, that he was obliged to back out of the room in double quick time, convinced in his own mind, that whether he was destined or not ever to see the Nyl-ghaus, Zebras, Emus, Bears, and Bisons of the Regent's Park, it was a matter of infinitely less probability that he should soon again behold the gentle, amiable, and beautiful Harriet Franklin.

CHAPTER II.

IT must be confessed, that the sudden appearance of Charles Saville in the drawing-room, was anything but gratifying to the feelings of Mr. Smith, and little calculated to further his views with the young object of his affections. He came like a reproaching spirit, and stood before his love, and she acknowledged the rebuke which he thus tacitly and unconsciously gave; for, whatever might be his misgivings with regard to his own ultimate success, it had not yet flashed into his mind that the silver-headed Smith, he of the Twaddle, cased in a sable coat, and black satin shorts, shining like sticking plaster, was doomed to be his rival.

It is strange, and every hour we live the feel-

ing grows, upon reflection, stronger still, that the great and certain change which time inevitably works on the human mind and constitution, is, from its gradual and gentle course, imperceptible to the individual "worked upon," unless some great and sudden accession of disease falls upon him : the comparison between what he *was* at twenty-four and fifty-five, is never made by the subject himself ; the only comparison *he* makes, is between Monday last, and Tuesday last, in which brief space no difference arises ; and thus it is, that if blest with health—and if with health the animal spirits continue—a man from constant habitude, feeling no change in himself from day to day, goes on believing that others see no change in him ; and it is rather to this natural imperceptibility of physical alteration, than to senile childishness, or matured vanity, that we find men advanced in life like our present friend Smith, presenting themselves to the favour of blooming girls, who were unborn at the period from which these respectable lovers date their perfection, and at which they

set up their standard, and who seeing nothing but what is placed before them, cannot comprehend how the corpulent Mr. Fussocks, or the lanky Mr. Latham, can have the impertinence or temerity to enter the lists of love or flirtation at his time of life.

Smith, twaddler as he was, was, however, a man of plain common sense ; he saw in Harriet a being calculated, if she could divest her mind of the very small quantity of romance which it possessed, to make any man happy. He put into the opposite scale to his advanced age, the increased luxuries and comforts which the advantage of his fortune would secure to her ; and considered from the gentleness and steadiness of the young lady's character and disposition, that she would consider the case dispassionately, and eventually prefer the certainty of opulence through life, to the precarious shiftings to which she might be exposed if she united herself to an idle student at law, who possessed too much versatility of genius to plod his way through the heavy road to the

high places of the profession, and who, if he married, would in all probability devote himself more assiduously to the silk gown of his wife, than the stuff one of his profession.

But Smith, old and experienced as he was, miscalculated; he fell into the commonly received error of mistaking gentleness for weakness, and diffidence for want of energy. Harriet was unassuming and tender, and full of feeling; but she could resist oppression and withstand injustice. To be sure the battle being in modern times generally to the strong, the influence of her mother, upon whom she depended for every thing in the way of fortune she was to possess, strengthened and enforced by that of Mr. Smith, the intimate and favoured friend of her father, required no trifling exertion to counteract its effects.

Harriet listened calmly and patiently to the elaborated lecture which Mr. Smith was pleased to deliver upon the philosophy of love, and the pre-eminent advantages of that peculiar species of passion which is founded upon esteem,

and a long acquaintance with the merits and virtues of the desired object, for nearly two hours ; at the termination of which period, she flattered herself that she had dexterously contrived a reprieve for herself, by telling her respectable suitor that she must in the first instance consult her mother, and that after referring the whole subject to her consideration, she would, in the course of the evening, pronounce her own decision upon it.

This delay was by no means unpleasant to either party. Smith was gratified by receiving this sort of qualified attention to his proposal instead of a plump denial, and Harriet delighted in giving herself an opportunity of discussing it with her mother, conscious as she was of a preference for Charles Saville, and satisfied, even putting *that* out of the question, that the destruction of her happiness would be the inevitable consequence of her filial obedience.

Mr. Smith at this juncture of the campaign, was not quite decided as to the next step he

should take in the siege, which it appears he was carrying on as systematically as the French proceeded with that of Antwerp ; he felt himself already in the third parallel, and was nearly as much surprised as Gérard at the faint opposition he had met with from the garrison ; but, like that hero upon the occasion to which I refer, he doubted the security of the calm which he was suffered to enjoy, and attributed the facility with which he had been permitted to make his advances, to a secret determination on the part of the besieged to undermine and blow him up the moment he attempted the storm.

If, thought he, I take my hat and go, at this crisis, it may seem as if I had been discouraged, and were dissatisfied with my reception ; if I hastily follow up what I believe to be a blow, I shall violate the truce to which I have agreed, and break in upon Harriet's design of a conference with her mother, therefore will I steer the middle course, and merely give Mrs. Franklin the outline of my conversa-

tion with her daughter, and having thus “reported progress,” ask leave to “come again to-morrow.”

What his prudence and judgment suggested in this behoof, the cautious Smith forthwith put into practice ; and having found the much excited parent just recovering from the exertion of having ejected poor Charles Saville, imparted to her the particulars of his dialogue with Miss Franklin, and referring to the condition which she had exacted, or which rather he had conceded to her suggestion, proposed a visit the following day at two.

Harriet had a stormy evening before her—with all her filial obedience and the partiality which natural affection necessarily begets, she could not blind herself to the feline feeling which prompted her excellent parent to be the most amiable of amiabes while things went smoothly, but which drove her into an excess of passion if she were ruffled or thwarted ; yet she resolved to make one effort for Charles Saville, who, although constantly “fended off,” as the sailors say,

never relaxed in his efforts to evince to her the sincerity of his attachment.

It should, perhaps, be mentioned, that several swains had been caught by Harriet's charms before our young lawyer had "entered himself" in the list of her suitors; at present the house was well rid of them. A white haired viscount, and a red haired baronet, had been numbered in her train, but they had trained off, upon finding, much to their chagrin and disappointment, that Harriet's boasted fortune was visionary; still, however, Mrs. Franklin talked of Lord Pertwood and Sir Harry Fitch in such a manner as to let Saville understand what sort of lovers Harriet had *discarded*, and consequently what sort of lovers she felt she had a right to expect. Saville, who knew from the earliest stage of their acquaintance, the extent of Miss Franklin's precarious expectations, rendered in his eye more precarious still by the very matrimonial disposition of her already twice married mother, felt neither care nor anxiety upon the subject—he talked of his profession, ardently anticipated

success, and in the very few *tête-à-tête* conversations which he had been lucky enough to enjoy with his Dulcinea, perfectly convinced her that he loved her for what she was, and not for what she had; and that he had not an interested thought or wish concerning her.

Dutiful as she was, grateful to Mr. Smith as she might be, was it possible she should eternally relinquish such a lover without a struggle? Nor was her embarrassment after the departure of her new old lover, at all diminished by her anxiety to know how poor Charles had departed; whether he had been so far enlightened upon the subject of the *tête-à-tête* which he had unintentionally broken in upon, as to destroy all his hopes; or whether her mother, acting upon her usual prudential system, had not committed herself upon a point, where in fact, she was not yet perfectly secure of success. Poor girl, she was dreadfully agitated, and her tremor did by no means cease when her maid Johnstone, who for the express purpose of watching his departure, had craned

her neck out of one of the windows of her young lady's dressing-room, pronounced Mr. Smith, gone.

Saville's dismissal, as it turned out, had been any thing but harsh or uncivil : it was neither Mrs. Franklin's policy nor her disposition to be either, to so amiable and accomplished a person, and one for whom it has been gently hinted she felt an especial regard. She wanted most particularly to get him away from the house at the moment of his visit, because his presence at that immediate juncture was extremely inopportune ; and she charged upon him formidably, and he fell back and retreated : but there was no explanation of the real state of affairs, no injunction not to return, no " warning off," for the same smouldering feeling in the matron's heart, which sometimes made her think she might change her name again, induced her to recollect that if Harriet should become the rich wife of old Mr. Smith, there would exist fewer objections to her assuming the character of helpmate to the young Mr.

Saville. This sounds odd as a matter of calculation and of narration—but we are all odd creatures—and it is human nature.

So trifling, however, had been the effect of Mrs Franklin's ejection of her daughter's lover, upon the lover himself, that he left the house without any serious apprehension that he might never enter it again. He was conscious of a strange excitement in Mrs. Franklin's manner, and he thought the breaking up of the party to the Zoological Gardens abrupt and strange; and he saw that there was an anxiety to get him away from Harriet and Mr. Smith in the drawing-room, but none of these things opened his eyes to the real state of the case. Smith he hated, merely because he appeared to be upon extremely familiar terms with Harriet; but he was not jealous of him, nor did an idea of a rival in his person ever enter his head. He was quite conscious that he was his enemy in the family; but that he attributed merely to the justifying cause of his own poverty, and the tender care of Miss Franklin's interests, which was taken by the white-headed gentleman

in the court-plaister shorts, in the character of friend of her late father, trustee of his property, and executor of his will,—but for himself, the idea never struck him. And as he walked along, just conscious of a disagreeable sensation,—for to a lover, the slightest variation of conduct in any body concerned or connected with the object of his affection is instantaneously felt,—a dread that the white-haired viscount was “on again,” and that Smith was talking over financial measures with Harriet upon that possibility, assailed him with a hideous probability, just as he was turning down Hay Hill into Berkeley-square. This horrid vision lasted till he had passed the end of Bruton-street, and there the “fetch” of the red-haired baronet, in the very act of being accepted by his dearest Harriet, appeared before him; and thus by turns all things which he fancied possible or probable to happen to overturn his hopes, passed through his mind; while the only thing which seriously threatened and truly endangered his happiness, never once entered into his calculations.

It would be doing a serious injustice to the maternal influence of Mrs. Franklin, and the filial obedience of her fair daughter, were I to attempt any description of the prolonged discussion which took place on the proposal of the elderly gentleman, during the evening of the day on which it was made. The arguments adopted by the lady—the manner in which she enforced them—the resolutions she expressed with regard to the future interests of her child—her language—her action—the inducements she held out—the threats she fulminated—all these it would be painful to detail, because it would exhibit such a scene of domestic discord and unhappiness, as ought not to be submitted to the public eye. How the wonder was worked, how the great end was accomplished, therefore the reader is not destined to know; but this fact may amply satisfy him—before eight o'clock, Harriet Franklin was irrevocably doomed to become MRS. SMITH!

There *are* mysteries in all arts, professions, and trades, which to the uninitiated, seem mira-

cles ; what can appear more marvellous to those who know nothing about it, than that the ashes of a water plant, a thistle, or bramble, or fern, mixed up with sand and stone and flints, should in combination, give us glass ? Or who that had not considered the matter, would think that we might derive a brilliant light from smoke ? But glass or gas, or any other artificial product, would fall far short in exciting astonishment in the untutored mind, compared with the result of the long and animated dialogue which passed on that memorable evening between Mrs. Franklin and her daughter. It is, to be sure, enough for those who have no occasion to dive into primary causes, to “ take the goods the gods provide,” without labouring at inquiry and investigation ; and so long as the light beams brightly, and the glass shines clearly, what have the every-day people of the world to do with the means by which those comforts or conveniences are secured to them ? So thought the anxious mother upon the present occasion ; she had carried her point, she had achieved her object, and little else re-

mained but to offer up the sacrifice on the shrine of mammon, and proceed to deck her victim for the altar.

Smith the respectable, was to be at Mrs. Franklin's at two ; but as it happened that the lady and her daughter had engaged themselves to accompany Mrs. Thompson, a friend and neighbour of theirs, to the Somerset House exhibition at three, a slight discussion arose between the parent and child as to the delicacy or possibility of a young lady accepting an elderly gentleman's offer of marriage, and going to a public exhibition two hours afterwards. Breaking the engagement with Mrs. T. would look so odd—she might think something—and then Harriet did not like to remain at home ; and Mr. Smith, perhaps, would like to go with them ; and then there was no room in the carriage ; and even if it could have been permitted that he should upon an emergency share the box with the coachman, his mounting was altogether out of the question ; and so at last it was decided to leave this minor point to settle itself,

and at all events, suffer the Somerset House engagement to rest as it was.

It would be more agreeable, and only just to our poor dear Harriet, to let the reader into some of the arguments, and statements, and asseverations, by which Mrs. Franklin worked upon her daughter's mind and feelings, until she consented to forego the inclinations of her heart, and accept as a husband, a man who would have been considered old as her father; but it would be a breach of confidence. However, it may be allowable to say, that Mrs. Franklin asserted upon what she called good authority, that Saville was a gambler, that he was idle, dissipated, and extravagant; the fact being, that he was one of the most economical young gentlemen about town, never took a card or box in his hand, drank no wine, and never was idle, except, if that could be called idleness, when he was devoting to Harriet herself, the time which at least she ought not to have thought could be better spent.

In addition, however, to all these visionary vices and imaginary failings, Mrs. Franklin hurled one

maternal thunderbolt at her daughter's devoted head, which finally settled the business; "Were he prudent, learned, amiable, and rich," said the elder lady to the younger, "so long as *I* live you should never marry Mr. Saville, at least with my consent, and I think without it, you would have little cause to rejoice in the felicity of your choice."

Harriet's mind was admirably well regulated, and the state of its discipline was more to be wondered at, considering the *hoity-toity* fly-away manner of her surviving parent; yet during this potent denunciation of her dear Charles, she certainly did see before her eyes, a sort of phantasmagoria of post-chaises and horses, and hy-meneal blacksmiths, and other objects therewith concomitant; they, however, speedily faded; principle overcame predilection, and as we have already said, she sank a devoted victim to her mother's wishes.

The whole affair is an unpleasant one to think of, but as it is a bad bit of road in the journey of our narrative, let us pull down the blinds, and

jolt over it as fast as we can. The night passed—a dreadful night for her—the morning came—noon came—one o'clock came—Smith came—and, let it suffice, before two o'clock came, he was made certain of his happiness;—three came, and with it the carriage. The exhibition question was put to the respectable suitor, who thought it wisest to make no alteration in the arrangement. In fact, the matured lover was considerably exhausted by the strength of his feelings, and considered it wiser to separate himself from his affianced bride until dinner time,—*Soit fait comme il est désiré*—the respectable Corydon retired to his house till seven o'clock, to ruminate on his approaching happiness, while the contented mother, and the bewildered daughter, fulfilled their engagement with their friend, and proceeded to Somerset House.

It may strike the reader (more especially if the reader be a female,) as something strange and unfeminine that Harriet should have consented to this visit to the exhibition, but it must be remembered, that Mr. Smith had not only

voluntarily but anxiously suggested a "respite," and, that any expression of anxiety on the part of Miss Franklin to remain at home, would have been construed into a hope and wish of seeing Charles Saville, in order to explain the circumstances which had led to her acceptance of his rival, or perhaps to make such arrangements as might most effectually frustrate the completion of the contract. It was thus, and under these circumstances, that the poor agitated girl was hurried away from the most important "scene" of her life, to a display, which, as illustrative of the freaks of nature, fell far short in interest, of that which she had been engaged to visit the day before in the society of her dear Charles.

Forced thus unnaturally into a crowd, at a moment when solitude would best have suited the temper of her mind, Miss Franklin, with her mother and her friend, began to mount the extremely inconvenient, wretchedly dark, filthy dirty, and eminently disagreeable staircase of the Royal Academy, slipping over scattered orange-peels, covering their gloves with dust,

if accidentally touching any part of the balusters or walls, during the horrid ascent, the abominations of which, are scarcely recompensed by the entertaining absurdity of beholding Hercules with his apples in a brass wire bird-cage, at the bottom of it.

Up they went, poor wearied travellers—Bunyan's Pilgrim was happy by comparison; they passed that "Slough of Despond," the apartment stored with the mad fancies of juvenile modellers, or doting architects, quitted that "Valley of Humiliation," the chamber of monsters and miniatures, which adjoins it, and boldly and resolutely, mounted the "Hill of Lucre," the great room, "top of all," where the wealth of thousands hangs round the walls, scattered at their pleasure, and converted into ugly faces, and ungainly figures, for the peculiar gratification and satisfaction of themselves and friends.

Just about the period that the party had reached the enviable summit, and were beginning to examine the pictures,—No. 1. "portrait of a gentleman," which could not be like, as repre-

senting that character, be the man whom he might, No. 2. "Innocent Pastime," a chubby child, playing with a pig—what does the reader imagine was happening below in the street, the Strand? why, there passing to or from chambers, (the which mattereth little,) went or came Mr. Charles Saville, who, with his eyes constantly wandering in search of the well known livery of the Franklins, was most suddenly attracted by its appearance casing the body of her favourite footman, just preparing to take up his seat on the bench under the entrance to Somerset House. An inquiry, scarcely necessary under the circumstances, "whether the ladies were there," was answered in the affirmative; and in one minute after, having purchased his dark blue passport at one barrier, and deposited it at the other, Charles Saville was to be seen labouring on the tread-mill which his fair friends had just conquered and quitted.

It was only for him to reach the summit and enter the room, to see Harriet. What were the glazed and glaring gorgons which were on all sides

suspended, to him, where lived and breathed the one sole hope of his heart, the idol of his adoration ! In an instant he discovered her ; the pleasing viridity (as, the poet would have it) of her mother's pomona pelisse indicated that lady's presence, and with them was a stranger. What then ! it was a female ; and emboldened by this conviction, he squeezed, and pushed, and elbowed his way, till he reached the trio, who were, at the moment, deeply engaged in poring over the minute beauties of a gem of Wilkie's.

The toil of the squirrel in his cage, is one of the most provoking examples of "labour in vain," that can be well imagined ; but perhaps the very most provoking that has ever fallen under the reader's notice, was this feat of Charles Saville's. He encountered climbing, and a crowd, and dust, and difficulty, and having reached the *ultima Thule* of his hopes, was received by Mrs. Franklin with a look which seemed to say—only that ladies never swear, even with their eyes—What the devil brought *you* here ? "Oh ! Mr. Saville," said the mother ; the sound

caught the daughter's ears—mother, daughter, and Saville, all shook hands—to be sure—why not? the daughter's shaking, however, was not local—she trembled from head to foot.

“What on earth brought *you* here?” said Mrs. Franklin to Saville.

“You, Mrs. Franklin,” said Saville.

“Me! come—”

“I saw the carriage at the door, and found you were up stairs,” said Charles; “so of course I flew to attend you.”

Mrs. Franklin smiled and tossed her head, but Harriet kept her face close to the pictures, and the catalogue clasped in her hand. Mrs. Thompson, who was boringly fond of portraits, and liked to see “Lord Whiskin in the uniform of the North Somerset Militia,” and “Lady Mary Fopsey, and child,” in order that she might find them out, when she next saw them at the Opera, (for the Franklins were quite of *that* school,) kept the maternal fair one in constant exercise in looking up, and hunting down the pictures in the catalogue.

About *her*, Charles did not very much trouble himself, but it was clear to him that something very strange, something very decisive, had happened with regard to Harriet. He saw that her eyes were fixed upon the pictures, but that she looked not at them; the evident indifference, not to say distaste, with which she seemed to glance over the beauties of our first artists, the clearness of Calcott, the simplicity of Collins, the magic attractions of Wilkie, and the incomprehensible brilliancy of Turner, satisfied him that his suspicions were well founded; and he determined to take the only advantage a crowded room affords, (except indeed to pickpockets,) to ascertain, if possible, the grounds of the extraordinary change of conduct in both ladies, from warm to cold, and to discover what external influence had been used upon their mercurial dispositions, which in so very short a period of time as had passed since his last interview, could have suddenly tumbled their mental thermometers, from blood heat to several degrees below freezing.

The opportunity Charles sought soon arrived, as opportunities inevitably will, if a man has but a little patience; and while Mrs. Franklin, jammed in amidst a bustling ring of half-a-dozen plump-looking misses, and as many male plebeians as were necessary to constitute a small mob, was endeavouring to elucidate to Mrs. Thompson some of the more delicate touches of a “pretty bit,” (perfectly satisfied in his own mind, that a man and woman who were most uncereemoniously riding her as she stooped to descant upon the picture, were the two persons about whom she was most anxious,) Saville hastily inquired of Harriet in an under tone, “what on earth was the matter?”

“For Heaven’s sake,” whispered the lovely girl, “don’t speak so loud,” pointing most assiduously to a number in the catalogue, as if she were in the highest degree interested about it.

“Have I offended you?” said Charles.

“Oh, no—no,” said Harriet.

“Tell me, then”—

“Some other time—pray don’t—not now—”

“To-morrow?”—

“Perhaps,” said Harriet, her lips quivering,
“we may not see you to-morrow.”

“Merciful Heaven!” exclaimed Saville—
“tell me—tell me”—

“Oh, nothing—nothing,” answered she, moving one step nearer her mother, who was still absorbed in the pictures. Saville took her hand, which she gently withdrew, *he*, like an ardent lover, forgetting everything but his devotion, she, like a well-bred girl, remembering where they were—what a tight-rope life it was they led—“The truth is,” said Harriet—“I—”

“My dear Harriet, are you *there*?” said Mrs. Franklin; “I thought you and Mr. Saville were behind us.”

“No,” said Saville, affecting jocularly; “here we are, quite safe.”

Harriet was confused—not by the interruption of her mother, but by the indiscretion of her late lover.

“By Jove, that’s capital!” said one man just behind them to another next him, and who had

been watching the whole of the little scene in progress between Charles and his beloved, to whose eyes and thoughts during its performance, the whole world had been lost, not excepting Mrs. Franklin herself.

The old—a thousand pardons—the elder lady, who had perhaps afforded the young people an opportunity for a moment's conversation, in order that Harriet might give Charles's hopes the *coup de grace*, by telling him the real state of the case, now became particularly anxious to get away, and taking her daughter under her arm—a most extraordinary and significant precaution—she hurried the dear interesting, near-sighted Mrs. Thompson along the room and down the stairs, with a rapidity which quite surprised and disconcerted the connoisseur, who had looked forward to a long day of it.

They reached the sculpture-room, but even that could not stay Mrs. Franklin's flight; she looked at her watch and declared it impossible; and thus simultaneously fidgetting onwards and

downwards, they found the carriage in readiness—Mrs. Thompson stepped in first—then Harriet—then mamma.

“ Good-day,” said Mrs. Franklin to Saville.

“ Good-bye,” said Harriet.

“ What do you do this evening, Mrs. Franklin ?” said Saville.

“ We are engaged,” replied she.

“ Shall I see you to-morrow ?”

“ To-morrow we shall be busy all day,” said Mrs. Franklin.

Busy! thought Saville, about what, I wonder; and he cast his eyes toward Harriet—*her* eyes met *his*—eyes *will* meet sometimes—she looked as if she wished to know whether he believed her mother’s story: a sudden return of those eyes to the downcast direction in which they were before placed, served to render him somewhat sceptical. However, Mrs. Franklin *had said* they were to be engaged, and it was not for him to express a doubt about it. If she had called over her own staircase that she was “ not at home,” as he was ascending it, he must of

course have believed the statement. So, finding the parley cease, he removed his white-gloved hand from the sill of the carriage window, and made way for the servant to take his mistress's orders ; saying, as usual, " good-bye."

" Good morning," again said Mrs. Franklin ; Mrs. Thompson said nothing—nor did Harriet speak—but she bowed her head slowly, and fixing her eyes expressively for a moment on Saville, seemed to bid him farewell for ever—perhaps she did.

CHAPTER III.

THE character of Harriet's parting look must have been strongly marked, for when the carriage drove off, something struck Charles Saville that he had seen and separated from her for the last time. But then, lovers are easily agitated, and no chameleon in the world borrows colours from surrounding objects so readily as the fancy of one,

———"who dotes, yet doubts,
Suspects, yet fondly loves."

As he walked along—a somewhat unromantic street for a sighing swain—the Strand, he revolved in his mind a thousand different subjects, in order, if possible, to hit upon the particular

circumstance or event, which had so decidedly changed the manner of both mother and daughter within four-and-twenty hours. At length he began to think, that perhaps the time had arrived, when Mrs. Franklin considered it proper that he should either come forward and make a declaration, or retire; and he reflected, that whatever reasons—and they were pretty cogent—he might have for suspecting and hoping that Harriet was favourably inclined towards him, he had never come to any sort of explanation with her; and that after all, their unrestrained association—unrestrained, at least, till this very morning—might be merely the result of esteem for his character, or admiration of his talents and accomplishments. Yet, there was something ardent and soul-felt in their intercourse which he never saw displayed in her conversation with others; at all events, the difference between the earnestness of her manner towards *him*, and her indifference towards every body else, seemed fully to justify his opening his heart to her; but then he had in the world but four hundred

pounds a-year ; and was not within three years of being called into the exercise of a profession, in which twenty more might be laboriously passed, before he should in any great degree increase his income. But his thoughts were full of hope, which “springs eternal in the human breast,” and always holds out flattering prospects to sanguine lovers ; and his heart was full of love, who being blind, never troubles his silly head about any prospects whatever.

It appeared to Saville, at all events, nothing more than reasonable that he should make one struggle for the sole object of his life, and although nothing, that he knew of, had actually happened to awaken his fears, or endanger his security still the very apprehension of losing her, perhaps by his own lukewarmness or want of zeal, set his brain in a whirl ; and when he recollected the implied doubt conveyed by the lovely girl herself of their ever meeting again, threw him into a perfect agony of desperation.

His first impulse was to set off directly for Harley-street, and throw himself and his four

hundred pounds per annum at the dear girl's feet; and since he knew enough of the family affairs—although in fact he knew very little about them—to know that her fortune was of a very elastic character, and depended entirely upon the will and pleasure of her mother as to its eventual extension or contraction, he thought at all events, that no interested motives could be attributed to his declaration; and that if Harriet felt but a twentieth part of the affection for *him* which he entertained towards *her*, she would not hesitate to realise those scenes of rural felicity of which they had so often talked, and locating herself in some blest retreat of health and peace, bid adieu to all the follies of “the flaunting town,” and settle herself with her loving spouse in a sequestered cottage, until the much wished for period should arrive, when their means might afford them a better, yet perhaps not happier residence.

How to make his proposal? That was the next question. It seemed most likely, that as Mrs. Franklin and her daughter had informed him

that they were to be busy the whole of the next day, he might not be admitted if he called upon them; indeed the announcement of their occupation, seemed to him a sort of forewarning not to come till the following day. He satisfied himself upon this point the more easily, because it would give him an additional twenty-four hours for deliberation, although before the first six had elapsed, he had resolved to convey his sentiments, his hopes, and wishes, to Harriet in a letter. He should then be sure that his tale would be told, without any danger of interruption from her mother's numerous morning visitors, who were perpetually dropping in and popping out; nay, without any fear of interruption from the mother herself: and thus, whatever Harriet's feelings might really be, she would not have the power of checking him in the outset of his declaration, or nipping it in the bud with a rigid frown or a freezing look. The moment she had broken the seal, he was perfectly sure that she would go through the whole letter; for, even if her offended delicacy should

prompt her to return the epistle, he felt certain that her excited curiosity would induce her to read every line of it first.

For the purpose of arranging the affair, and concocting this interesting address, Charles absented himself from society for the day, and having dined hastily and alone, devoted the whole evening, manifestly to the prejudice of his professional advancement, to the preparation of his appeal to the feelings of his beloved Harriet. He proceeded to make an ardent and unequivocal declaration of his devoted attachment, and unalterable esteem and affection, dwelling at the same time with becoming diffidence upon the unsatisfactory state of his own prospects in life, and attributing to the narrowness of his circumstances, the tardiness of the avowal which he thus ventured to make, but which, until the present moment, he had not felt sufficiently bold even to whisper.

The intervening day between writing and despatching this most important missive, gave

him full and frequent opportunities of revising and correcting it, and he

“ ——— perusing the epistle
Believ'd he had brought her to his whistle,
And read it like a jocund lover,
With great applause to himself twice over,”

at least; and after the second perusal, having turned it and shaped it exactly to what he considered the standard of perfect letter-writing, put it carefully by, so that it might be despatched early on the following morning, which in due time it was, and left at the door of his Dulcinea's house in Harley-street, so, as he flattered himself, to catch her just at the very moment she was quitting her dressing-room to descend to breakfast.

Those only who have been similarly circumstanced—and, thanks to the generous feelings and social impulses of our nature, few there are who have not—can duly appreciate the anxiety in which the whole of that morning was passed. Dinner-time came and went—the dusk of even-

ing, and the shades of night covered the face of the earth ; no answer—that was painful—but the letter had not been returned—that was cheering ; —every now and then the door of his room opened and his servant entered ; his heart fluttered—he looked up through the dimness of the distance—at one time the man brought a bill—at another a billet—now a three-cornered note—now a square card “to remind ;” and from each of these intrusions arose a separate and distinct disappointment. He would not leave home lest the answer should come—he could not bear to stay at home lest it should not ; and thus hoping and fearing, expecting and wishing, he lingered out a long and dismal evening ; and at last found relief from his anxiety by reading a very highly praised work of the day, which, luckily, secured him, what laudanum had denied, and at half-past twelve he retired to rest, with a hope of sleeping which he had not previously entertained.

Short, however, and troubled, were his fitful slumbers ; the little repose he got, served only to give reality to a series of horrid dreams, the

heroine of every one of them being of course Miss Harriet Franklin. Sometimes he beheld her with a full-grown pair of well-fledged pinions, like one of Moore's angels, winging her way to the skies, and beckoning him to follow. Then he saw her like St. Pierre's Virginia, shipwrecked on a coral reef and dashed amongst the billows; and fancying himself another Paul, half precipitated himself out of bed in order to snatch her from danger and death. Then he beheld her, like another Andromeda, chained to the entrance of a cavern, in which her exemplary parent sat snarling in the shape of a green, scaly-tailed dragon, attended by the white-haired viscount, and the red-haired baronet, as attendant devildkins of an inferior class, with hoofs, horns, talons, and tails; fired at the sight, poor Charles, like Perseus, tried to destroy the threatening monster, but again awoke, conscious of no result, except that of having overthrown the candlestick, which stood on a table by the bed-side.

More horrible visions were never procured by Fuseli himself under his raw-pork regimen. He

could not again settle himself—he listened—looked—day never was so long in breaking—clocks never were so slow in striking—yet, after tossing and tumbling, not in the least degree after the fashion of Gay's Polly, the morning dawned ; the sun began to shed its influence through the curtains of his chamber window, and very shortly after, that is to say, about the time when sober men are retiring to their homes and families from Crockford's, and well regulated ladies are announcing to their daughters that "*this* must be the last quadrille," he started from his sleepless bed, and hastily dressing himself, left his lodgings in Charles-street, to breathe the yet unsmoked, unheated atmosphere of one of the finest mornings that ever beamed from the heavens.

Unconscious whither he strolled, and careless where, instinct, our second nature, led him to direct his steps to the rural regions of Harley-street. His walk was for health—the fresh air of that northern district suited the "present temper of his mind ;" and there he could see the

casket that contained his jewel, and watch the window within the which, slept Harriet. He reached the accustomed street. It was just at the period of the day when the sun condescends to gild the chimney-tops on one of its lengthened sides, that the lover arrived: all was calm and serene—there was the dwelling—there the window—his east—his sun—the daughter of Mrs. Franklin was there—the shutters were closed—no sign of life about the house.

Ah! thought he, there she slumbers—my loved letter, perhaps, beneath her pillow—perhaps even yet waking, and repeating to herself every word it contains; I *shall* have an answer by-and-by; she will yet be kind, and I shall still be blest; all which rhapsodical suppositions and expectations merely going to prove, as the reader already knows, how prodigiously mistaken the wisest amongst us may sometimes be.

In matters of love, Charles Saville was, to say truth, wise enough; at least wise enough to make a tolerable fair estimate of a young lady's feelings by her looks; and as he himself said,

when summing up the pros and cons as regarded the despatch of his formal proposal, he felt conscious that when he approached her, the sparkling animation which lighted up her handsome and expressive countenance, was infinitely more brilliant than any produced by similar addresses from any other persons with whom she associated. There was a provoking downcast look of cold and distant diffidence which she *could* assume; or, perhaps it would be more just to say, which she could not conceal, from those in whom she felt no interest; a resolute envelopment of her bright eyes in the silken shade of their long lashes, which, to a stranger, was positively repulsive; but which to those, who like Charles, were accustomed to bask in the sunshine of the brilliant orbs, and revel in all the intellectual blaze of her mind, was almost comical; but all her little arts were untinged by coquetry, and this very display of preference was the result of ingenuousness, warm-heartedness, and candour; and yet—there was no letter sent to Saville.

Two days had elapsed—his patience worn to a thread—himself proportionably attenuated—his breakfast again over—no letter—one o'clock, ditto—two, ditto. It ceased to be endurable—the delay was torture—he had suffered the *pein forte* quite long enough; the certainty of wretchedness was preferable to the agony of suspense. At three he determined upon his course of action, and proceeded with new resolution in his mind, and fresh courage in his heart, once more to Harley-street. He reached the interesting spot; when,—who shall describe his horror at finding the whole of the windows closed. What could it be?—had death been at work! He started back—was it possible! In a few fleeting hours—however slow to him—some dreadful event had occurred. Harriet was dead—dead, perhaps, for love of *him*. His letter had never been delivered, and she, in despair at his apparent neglect, had swallowed poison! Perhaps Mrs. Franklin had been summoned hastily from the world! What other perhaps? Another moment could not be lost, and flying rather than

running across the street, he vaulted up the steps, and gave a gentle rap with the knocker, ringing the bell at the same time with a corresponding delicacy.

This double appeal was replied to by the appearance in the area below, of an elderly and somewhat portly personage, habited in a blue cotton gown illuminated with black dots; and wearing a cap of no inconsiderable dimensions, decorated with a bow of dirtyish blue riband; her shoes were down at heel, and she held a broom in her hand. And lifting up a face, broad but by no means beautiful, she inquired in a shrill tone, "What the gentleman pleased to want?"

As much astounded by this appeal from below, as Denmark's Prince was at the groan of old Truepenny, (as his Highness most respectfully calls his lamented sire,) "in the cellarage," Charles Saville not considering it specially directed to himself, repeated the operation of knocking at the door, when a repetition of the

demand ascended in a more shrilly tone, and with an emphasis which clearly proved, that if the knocking visitor did not condescend to hold par lance with the inquirer below, he was not likely to obtain a satisfactory answer to his questions.

“Is Mrs. Franklin at home?” said the half angry and quite indignant Saville.

“No, Sir,” said the woman—“she’s left.”

Left! What, thought Saville, does she mean by left—“Have the goodness,” said he, “to step up for a moment.”

“In a minute, Sir,” said the woman; and shortly after he heard her unlocking and unbolting the street door; an operation not, however, very rapidly performed, but which when concluded, presented to his view the well known hall of his Harriet’s home.

“Have you got a ticket, Sir?” said the woman.

“A ticket for what?” said Charles.

“To view the premises,” was the reply.

“I don’t want to view the premises—where are Mrs. Franklin and her family?”

“They went from here early yesterday morning, Sir,” said the female.

“Gone!—Where are they gone to?”

“I can’t exactly say, Sir—into the country I believe.”

“When do they return?”—

“Not at all as I knows of,” said Mrs Richards, such was the individual’s name.

“I think you *do* know,” said Saville, just entering the hall; “come, recollect.”

“Upon my word I don’t,” answered she.

Saville knew the power of gold, and although he had never yet personally experienced the delight of seeing a certain number of *guas.* marked on a brief of his own, he felt convinced, that a fee could not be misinterpreted into a bribe; and accordingly slipped the four hundredth part of his annual income, into the hard and furrowed palm of his newly-made friend and informant.

“Here,” said he, “take this”—she did,—“I am sure that something strange must have happened, to send Mrs. Franklin off in so great a hurry; but that I care little about: you can tell me all I wish to know—where is Miss Harriet?”

Mrs. Richards appeared all at once staggered—whether by the sight of the sovereign, or by some new light which had broken in upon her, it is impossible to decide; but the whole expression of her countenance changed in an instant when she heard Saville’s question.

“Why do you want to know?” said she.

“No matter why—do you know me?”

“No,” replied Mrs. Richards, “I can’t say as I does.”

“You have not been here long then?”

“No,” said Mrs. Richards; “nor must I let you stay here long, or I shall get my head in my hand, as the saying is. You are the gentleman, I suppose, as has been a hankering after Miss Harriet for some time past—I’ve heard of it.”

“Hush, hush!” said Saville, dreading the no-

tority of his attachment, which equally surprised and alarmed him, and

“ Trembling at the noise himself had made.”

“ I see you understand what I mean. Is Miss Harriet gone out of town?”

“ Not a bit of it,” said Mrs. Richards, “ that’s all a fudge, a catfaddle of my old missus’s—but I’ll tell you plainly, there has been a regular quandary, as I call it, about you.”

“ Well, well, never mind *that*,” said Charles, “ don’t enter into particulars now; where is your young mistress?”

“ Mind what you are about,” said Mrs. Richards; “ she is gone to stay in Carburton-street, Fitzroy-square.”

“ Carburton-street,” repeated Saville, “ what an odd place. What has taken her there?”

“ She was here this morning,” said Mrs. Richards, “ and I *do* believe somehow expected as you would call.”

Confound it! thought Saville, so then, after all, I have lost her by my own neglect. Thank

Heaven she is alive, and yet within my reach. "Why," said he, to Mrs. Richards, "did she leave this—or why quit her mother?"

"Because missus was in an unmerciful passion, and forced her to go on a visit to her aunt Dowbiggin," said Mrs. Richards.

Saville had never heard Mrs. Franklin mention this relation, but considering the lady's name and her place of abode, that did not so very much surprise him—"And where *is* your old mistress?"

"Gone to Margate," said Mrs. Richards, "about some business or other relating to Miss."

Margate was a strange place for a lady of Mrs. Franklin's pride and pretension to visit, but a faint recollection passed through Charles's mind of having heard that the red-headed baronet had taken a house at Broadstairs; and "putting that and that together," he immediately conjured up some new conspiracy against his happiness, which rendered it more than ever important for him to steal an interview with his beloved, and if things came to the worst, to "steal her" herself from her

arbitrary mother. Indeed, to the suggestion of an interview with the lovely girl, he was more particularly induced, because he flattered himself that Harriet's evasion of the journey to Margate, was a contrivance of her's, in order to bring about such an event; and this view of the case was considerably strengthened, by the fact of her having visited the house in her mother's absence in the hope, as his venerable communicant had more than hinted, of meeting him, when he should make what she evidently considered his expected call, about their luncheon-time. How exciting ! how encouraging ! how emboldening !

"Would you," said Charles, "would you, Ma'am," slipping another sovereign into her half-open hand—"would you undertake to convey a note for me to your young lady? it shall be a very small note and very short."

"Why," said Mrs. Richards, "I do think, Sir, it is a shame to keep fond hearts apart, for as the song says, what is gold compared with love?" at the same moment, dropping the second sovereign into her long dark pocket, to mingle and jingle

with its already deposited brother coin, a brass thimble, a lump of bees-wax, seven halfpence, the key of her trunk, and a much used once red leather housewife.

“Will you then?”

“Trust me,” said the veteran; “I shall go from this about eight on some errands—bring your letter to me before that, and it shall go as sure as the post.”

Amiable dragon, thought Saville. “I will bring my letter here then.”

“Yes, do, Sir,” said the old body; “but don’t make it up like a letter—double it up square, and I can give it Miss Harriet myself, as if it was some parcel left; and, above all, don’t direct it, so that if anything should be found out, nobody can fix it a-top of nobody.”

Excellent contrivance, thought Saville. “I will be back again shortly,” said he, “I feel I may trust in you—so you may confide in me.”

So saying, the ardent lover bounded away, and hurrying himself down to the extensive Oriental caravansara in Vere-street, known as

Ibbotson's Hotel, which he selected as the nearest convenient spot for such a purpose—he wrote the following lines hastily, and in such a state of trepidation, that even the waiters wondered at his emotion, and warned each other to keep a sharp look-out on the spoons and salt-cellars belonging to the Coffee-room.

“You will perhaps blame my intemperance, and be angry with my presumption, but I cannot resist making this one appeal. The sudden departure of your mother for Margate, your equally sudden removal from home, at first, reduced me to despair; but I found you were not gone—that you were even to-day in Harley-street—how provoking to have missed you.

“I have never been introduced to your aunt, nor do I recollect having heard you mention her name; but as you are with her, there can be no earthly impropriety in my calling, nor in your admitting me, while under her care and tutelage.

“I know that you will be angry with me for writing; but recollect our position: circum-

stanced as we are, some allowance may surely be made. I have taken advantage of the good old soul in Harley-street, to convey this to you—the same medium will bring me an answer—

“Yours always affectionately,

“CHARLES SAVILLE.”

This despatch, so speedily scrawled, and so incautiously signed, was nevertheless most carefully folded according to the suggestion of the venerable spider-brusher, and in a very short space of time delivered into her special care, and by her received with the most ardent promises of entire zeal and perfect secrecy, and moreover a certainty, at least, as far as *her* ideas of things in general, went, of an answer the next day. It was clear that the old creature wished well to her amiable and kind-hearted young mistress, but she became flurried, and actually trembled with the alarm of responsibility; and when a large elderly female falls into a state of flusteration, it is not in a minute that she can be calmed. Like a three-decker in a gale of wind, it is a long time before

she begins to pitch and roll, but when she does, it takes an infinitely longer time to get her steady again. Whether Mrs. Richards felt that Charles might be disposed to heal the wound which her present conduct in his behalf seemed to make in her conscience by a fresh application of gold-beater's skin, or whether like much more important official old women in blue ribands, she began to tremble at the responsibility she felt she had incurred, it is not for me even to guess ; but certain it is, that her agitation prevented Charles from making any of the inquiries he had intended with regard to the disposition of the establishment, and sundry other little matters in which he was most deeply interested : however, amply satisfied with the progress he had already made, he once more left his ancient go-between, under a promise to "call again to-morrow," for his answer.

How different were the feelings by which he was animated to-day, from those which had for the two preceding ones depressed him almost to despair. He visited chambers, little in the mind, it is true, to drudge through deeds, or pore

over precedents, but still with a heart firm of purpose, and an assurance that if he were once possessed of his Harriet, she, herself, would be the most powerful stimulus to exertion; and at the moment abandoning all his former plans of a cottage, a cow, and comfort in the country, he felt himself with an ascending power, rising over the heads and wigs of his more erudite and learned brethren, to the highest pinnacle of preferment and pre-eminence. He went to his club—it was not of the first class, but very convenient—and there having fallen in with one or two of those free and easy good-natured creatures who fancy their society always agreeable, joined them, because they would not permit him to enjoy one of the great luxuries of such communities—a quiet dinner in a corner; for who goes to clubs to dine? men go there when they have nothing else to do, to “take their feed” and have done with it—and there, accordingly, he stayed in the highest possible spirits, until it was quite time he should retire to rest, in order to be ready for the events of the following day.

How differently was this night passed from that, the dreams of which have already been recorded. At once lulled and excited by the copious libations which he had poured, he fancied, as he slept, that his dear friend Mrs. Franklin, was transformed into a Margate steam-packet, with a chimney, paddles, and a safety-valve; while Harriet appeared to him as the genius of Britain, chipping his name upon a chalky cliff with a silver chisel. Butterflies, sylphs, bunches of roses, showers of gold, spice-trees all in full bearing, and honeysuckle bowers in full bloom, danced before his eyes; and in the midst of all this tumultuous, confused happiness, the ardent and enthusiastic lover slept until ten o'clock the following morning.

CHAPTER IV.

PUNCTUALITY in love is neglect—to avoid the imputation of which, our anxious hero was at his post in Harley-street, while yet the dial of Vere-street chapel was announcing it to be half-past eleven o'clock, and as if a certain sympathy had operated upon the feelings of the venerable duenna, he beheld her peeping and peering from the well-known door, just as he caught a distant glimpse of it. The much-wished-for port in view, he crowded sail, and speedily reached his object; and much to his satisfaction, and not a little to his surprise, received from her withered hands the answer of his Love: such, however, was the old body's alarm and trepidation, that she would not allow him to stop in the house to

look at a line of it, and it was not until he reached the square, that he was able to burst open the seal, and read as follows :

“ You are a shabby fellow—however, never mind—we will settle that another time. I might have been carried off against my will, for all you have done to prevent it—never mind. My aunt’s temper has grown unbearable, she is a perfect *divil*; don’t come here upon any account. I will be walking down the sunny side of Portland-place to-day at two; if you happen to be there, we may meet.

“ Yours truly,

“ HARRIET.”

This note, directed and secretly delivered to Saville; the language so extraordinary; the hand so well disguised; the point of assignation so well selected; Portland-place! the only street in London or its suburbs, in which ladies may walk unattended by a servant; so much tact displayed, and so much more energy and deci-

sion than he had anticipated in his tender, gentle Harriet,—could he believe his eyes, his senses ! What wonderful creatures women are, thought he ; to fancy that a girl all reserve, all diffidence, all shrinking modesty, when in the presence of those who might be supposed to have a controul over her, the moment she is released from restraint, should give the rein to her feelings, and commit to paper the outpourings of her heart and mind, in language the most unequivocal, not to say the most extraordinary. To be sure, the word descriptive of her respected parent's prototype, was spelled *divil*, with an *i* instead of an *e*—a circumstance which makes a considerable difference in the strength of the expression. But it cannot be denied, that his surprise and pleasure at the frankness and readiness with which she met his views, were mingled with something very like disappointment and regret at the sudden abandonment of her general rule of conduct. But those feelings speedily gave place to another, which if not quite so well or reasonably founded, was, at least, infinitely more consoling and grati-

fyng. He could not help admitting that her precipitancy of action and freedom of expression, bordered very closely upon something extremely like indecorum; but having placed it all to the account of the strength and power of her affection for himself, he very shortly became reconciled to this natural extravagance, and set down the whole proceeding as one of remarkable energy and peculiar independence of character.

Of one thing there could be no doubt; namely, that he should be at his post at the appointed hour. He made his arrangements accordingly, and turned the corner of Langham-place, exactly as the clock of that beautiful and senselessly censured church, was striking the hour of two. It was a remarkably fine day; the broad pavement of Portland-place was thickly studded with belles of all ages, sizes, professions, characters, and descriptions; their figures, various as their avocations, were beautifully developed by the influence of a brisk southerly breeze, from which they endeavoured, or seemed to endeavour, to protect themselves, by divers and sundry evolu-

tions and devices highly illustrative of female ingenuity, and which, if they failed of their implied purpose, afforded the more sheltered spectator the opportunity of witnessing the multiplicity and diversity of attitude, into which it is possible to throw the human form.

The feelings of our hero, whose delicacy in regard to the conduct of females, was proportionate to his admiration of their charms and virtues, had scarcely recovered their tone, or rallied from the shock which they had received, from the something so terribly like an assignation which Harriet's note contained; and it is curious enough, but not more strange than true, that although dying to see her, he almost hoped she might not be there, and that he had misconstrued the real meaning of what, it must be confessed, appeared a "palpable *hint*" on the part of the young lady.

Full of nervous apprehension, sickening anxiety, and the mingled expectation and dread of finding his hitherto timid and retiring Miss Franklin, wending, or rather *winding* her way

down the Eolian parade, Saville proceeded on his tour of inspection. He walked and gazed, and gazed and walked—but no Harriet did he see. Many a favourable glance was shot from the bright eyes of sundry single damsels, who, from their manner and the expression of their countenances, appeared to be upon something of the same errand as himself, looking for companions ; but to him, the beloved of whose heart is far away, weak and impotent is the artillery of other eyes, and he shrank from the bright weapons by which he was assailed, and turned to seek the sweet and mild expression of that countenance, which was all the world to him.

Missing an appointment, or being discomfited in one, is extremely disagreeable, more especially when the *venue* is laid in some extremely well frequented spot. The constant walk to the top of the street, and the equally constant return to the bottom of it, in time attract the eyes of the groups who are taking healthful exercise without a grain of sentiment in their souls ; and after four or five *rencontres*, they find it difficult to

restrain, (that is, if they have even the charity and consideration to try to conceal,) the amusement which they feel at the disappointment of the wandering and forgotten walker, until at length their barbarity drives him entirely away, almost more angry than disappointed at the frustration of his scheme.

Saville had been polishing the purbecks of Portland-place, until the clock, which had stricken two when he arrived, had sounded four. Harriet, the punctual, the well regulated Harriet—his very encomiums sounded like watch-work—to have so overstaid her time, if she meant that he should come—or perhaps forgotten or neglected it altogether—it was passing strange. Indeed, as he was conscious from the steps which had been taken, and the movements at headquarters, that matters did not look favourably for him, he began to apprehend that his darling Harriet had gotten involved in some difficulty, or entangled in some embarrassment with her aunt Dowbiggin on his account, and that Mrs. Franklin had taken some measures unknown

to her daughter, in order effectually to prevent any intercourse between her and himself.

All surmises were vain, all delays dangerous; Harriet did not appear, and Saville resolved upon another trip to Harley-street, and another letter to the young lady. Prudence, however, which seldom interferes with the pursuits of gentlemen suffering under Saville's complaint, so far checked him in his proceedings, as to suggest that as the old servant had exhibited strong marks of repugnance and disinclination to continue the office of forwarding letters, he had better send Harriet a verbal message, *to say* that he had kept the appointment she had proposed, and regretted to find her not equally punctual.

This he considered a masterly bit of policy. It lessened the danger of discovery; it diminished the weight of responsibility; and although he did not carry on his *affaire de cœur* upon the prudential system of "never writing a letter and never destroying one;" he had fancied Harriet's aunt into so formidable an enemy, that he congratulated himself upon any contrivance which

was likely to keep him out of the range of her malice.

He accordingly saw and confided to the old woman in Harley-street the announcement of his obedience to the commands, or rather the suggestions of his beloved, and of his unsuccessful saunter at the appointed place; but the satisfaction which was afforded him by the readiness of his venerable messenger to be the bearer of this little history, was somewhat weakened by an explanation which she thought proper to give touching the real cause of the watchfulness of Miss Harriet's aunt, and the consequent difficulty of keeping open a literary correspondence.

"I believe, Sir," said Mrs. Richards, "that something happened at the last Epsom races,—what I don't exactly know, but so we in the house hear,—about some soldier officer, which makes Mrs. Dowbiggin keep a sharp look out after him and her; and I know sometimes, lately, when she has been talking about you, Mrs. D. has snubbed her, and bid her give up all such stuff, and turn

her thoughts to marrying as her ma wishes her."

"What!" said Saville, wondering how a person in the condition of Mrs. Richards, could be so well informed in the secrets of the family, "she meant Mr. Smith, I suppose?"

"To be sure she did," said the woman; "because you know it's a great catch for miss, all things considered; howsumdever I am quite sure she'll be fit to break her heart to think of not meeting you. I am certain she meant to go, because just afore I came from her aunt's, she was getting a bit of cold beefsteak-pie and some pickled inions, and scarcely give herself time to swallow a pint o' porter, so that she might get to Portland-place in time."

"Onions and porter!" exclaimed Saville; "my good woman, what are you talking about?"

"Oh, Sir," replied she, "you mus'n't fancy that young ladies are always the prim stuck-up things they seem afore company, when they turn their eyes up at this thing, and throw them down at the other thing, and look as if butter

would not melt in their mouths ; Miss Harriet's as good as another at her knife and fork ; and as for a wee drappie——”

“ You are mad !” interrupted Saville, “ raving mad.”

“ La, no, Sir,” said Mrs. Richards ; “ After that affair with Lieutenant O'Rotherham, poor Miss Harriet took on, and was as peaking as peaking, and eat nothing for a whole fortnight ; I'm sure we were all glad enough to see her take to it again.”

“ Lieutenant O'Rotherham !” muttered Saville ; “ then there is an end of every thing in the world ; death and destruction stare me in the face. This comes of rashly plunging into an attachment, and blindly devoting one's self to an object which, after all, proves unworthy ! Harriet is depraved,—abandoned ; and I am the dupe of her hypocrisy,—the victim of her duplicity !”

This was almost more than he could bear. Such a blow tells doubly : it wounds the *amour propre* of a man in two places ; it stabs him to

the heart to find that he has a favoured rival, and it cuts him to the quick to think that he has been deceived by *her* whom he thought so long devoted to him ; his feelings and his pride are thus equally martyred, and his mind is full of anger, jealousy, and shame.

Saville, however, resolved upon pausing before he wholly abandoned himself to misery, and his once loved Harriet to the ignominy to which, it appeared at the moment, she had so justly subjected herself. The exaggerations of servants ; their misconstructions and perversions of the simplest circumstances ; the position in the family of this old woman ; her evident ignorance upon many points of Mrs. Franklin's domestic arrangements, all weighed with him as so many reasons for receiving her hateful hints with caution. He was resolved to meet his death-blow, if he were doomed to suffer, from Harriet herself,—from herself to ascertain, if possible, the reasons for her extraordinary conduct, and learn from her own lips the motives of a double falsehood, which could lead her to express a

wish to meet and maintain her acquaintance with *him*, while, if her own messenger were to be trusted, she had in some way, not extremely intelligible, seriously committed herself in another quarter.

“ Make my compliments,” said Saville, all that has been written upon the subject of his doubts and fears, having flashed through his mind in a couple of seconds—“ make my compliments to your young mistress, and entreat her, if possible, to let me hear from her to-morrow, and however or wherever it may best be accomplished, fix some time and place where I may see her, if it be but for five minutes.”

“ La, Sir,” said the old woman, “ she’ll be sure to do that—bless your eyes, she’s dying to see you. But don’t stop now; come to-morrow, and you shall see her—perhaps here. You keep up your spirits: even if she *should* marry old Smith, to please her mother, she don’t care the value of a brass farthing for him; but as I was a saying, don’t you stop here now; come to-morrow about noon.”

“ I may rely ?” said Saville.

“ You may, Sir,” said Mrs. Richards, “ you may be sure o’ me ; you are a gem’man, and behaves as sich, and you need not fear that I shall play you foul. So good day, Sir ; now go along, there’s a good man.”

Saying which she shut the door, and left Saville overcome by a combination of feelings which it would be difficult to describe. His opinions of women were the most exalted. Of all women he naturally fancied, being a lover, that Harriet Franklin was the perfection ; and yet, from what had dropped from her retainer, it seemed as if the match with Smith had been hurried on to conceal, or rather patch up some indiscretion of which she had been guilty. So ! the eyes which had beamed with the sweet expression of affection upon him, had shone with equal warmth upon another ; and the rosy lips over which had flowed the purest sentiments of friendship and esteem, had, perhaps, been pressed by a half-pay Irish lieutenant at Epsom races.

This seemed in some degree to account for

the hawk-like activity with which Mrs. Franklin had pounced upon the matured millionaire in the sticking-plaister shorts. This solved the mystery of placing her daughter under the charge, almost in the custody, of an aunt, unheard of in their happier days; and oh what a pang did these reflections cost him! to lose the object of his devotion was surely enough, but to know that such a being as Harriet Franklin could have so committed herself was worse than death.

To death, indeed, it seems extremely probable that our much to be pitied young hero would very shortly have consigned himself, had he not been awakened from one of his horrid reveries in which he was indulging, as he almost unconsciously paced the pavement of Albemarle-street, on his way to his lodgings, by the astounding appearance of one of the tall, leggy footmen belonging to the establishment of Mrs. Franklin, whom he beheld dissipating his dignified leisure by sucking the gold head of his long cane at the door of a milliner's house, as he stood atten-

tively watching two small boys playing marbles on the pavement.

Saville looked at the man, who saw him, and capped accordingly.

“With whom are you living now?” said Saville to the servant, struck with the similarity of the livery to that of his once much-esteemed friend, and thinking it rather odd that Isaac,—so was this two yards and a quarter of humanity called,—should have been so speedily enlisted into another service, and so very rapidly equipped.

“With missus, Sir,” said Isaac.

“What—Mrs. Franklin?” said Saville.

“Yes, Sir,” replied Isaac.

“When does she come back to town?” inquired Saville.

“She harn’t left it yet,” answered the footman.

“Not gone!” exclaimed the lover. “Where is she then?”

“In here, Sir,” said the man, “buying things.”

“Where is your young mistress?”

“ At her aunt’s, Sir,” said Isaac.

A thought—a notion—an idea flashed into Saville’s mind;—it was desperation, but what of that, violent diseases require violent remedies,—why not strike the blow, and risk an effort which should make or mar him at once. He resolved upon the instant; one more appeal to Mrs. Franklin should be made; her departure seemed providentially delayed; should he?—Yes—the yeas had it.

Having screwed his courage to the sticking place, he accordingly knocked at the milliner’s door. A sweet pretty girl, with melting blue eyes, mantling blushes, clustering curls, and a pinafore, opened it; she was dressed like a pattern doll, and might have served as a sign for her mistress’s tireshop, and would at any other time have attracted somewhat more of Saville’s attention than at this particular crisis he felt disposed to pay her. He hastily inquired for Mrs. Franklin, and the little portress, almost without consideration, admitted him. She was preceding him up stairs, when

she suddenly hesitated, as if she had too readily granted the gentleman's request; but then recollecting the age and standing of Mrs. F., which to the eye and mind of a being in the hey-day of sixteen, seemed infinitely more serious than they really were, she felt assured in the course she had adopted, and without much apparent repugnance, threw open the door of the front drawing-room, and in a moment the lover stood in the presence of the person he most dreaded upon earth.

If the trepidation of one of the performers in this scene was great, the surprise of the other even transcended it. Saville stammered, trembled, and endeavoured to explain how he had gotten there; Mrs. Franklin threw an expression of astonishment into her still handsome countenance, and the fair portress, (whether wishing to spare both parties the pain of having a witness to their embarrassment, or because it was the custom of the establishment, it is quite impossible to say,) no sooner saw that the lady and gentleman were known to each other, than she

quitted the room and shut the door; a measure which as Madame "Chose," the woman of the house, was gone hunting for *échantillons* for Mrs. Franklin's inspection, left them *tête-à-tête*.

"My dear Mr. Saville," said Mrs. Franklin, "why are you here? Of all things in the world it was my object to have spared you this. I hoped to have left London without our meeting, for I candidly admit I esteem you too much to wish, or to be compelled to cause you needless pain or uneasiness."

"I entirely appreciate your kindness and consideration," said Saville, much relieved, yet somewhat overcome by the conciliatory tone in which he found himself addressed by his Harriet's mother.

"Your letter to Harriet, Mr. Saville," said Mrs. Franklin, "I honestly confess I did not deliver to her, nor does she even now know of your having sent it. When you are aware of my motives for this apparent neglect of your wishes, I trust you will approve of them. I did not intend to return it to you until I had actually

left town, in order, as I have just said, to avoid an interview, which, without advantage to either of us, could not fail to be painful to both."

"Miss Franklin," said Saville, "is——"

"At her aunt's," replied Mrs. Franklin; "where she will remain for a short time; indeed until I leave town."

"I had heard you were already gone," said Saville.

"I had intended to go earlier," replied the lady, "but poor Harriet's health is extremely delicate, and the flurry occasioned by the circumstances in which she is placed, has quite upset her; so that although I had given up Harley-street, I could not let her leave me till the day before yesterday. She is but a weak plant, and requires great care; and the loss of appetite which I have observed in her during the last week, has alarmed me considerably."

It was delightful to Saville to hear Harriet thus spoken of, as yet his friend at least, and one in whom they both had an interest; the loss of appetite he hoped might be only a maternal

fancy ; a hope considerably strengthened by the anecdote of the “beefsteak pie and pickled onions.”

“ Under the circumstances,” continued Mrs. Franklin, who, apprehensive that she had suffered the conversation to take a turn which Saville might misconstrue into the “favourable,”—“ I thought, knowing as I could not fail to do, the subject of your letter to my child, and knowing her fate to be irrevocably fixed, it would have been barbarous to give her, what I felt convinced was a declaration of your sentiments, which, whether she ever felt a disposition to listen to them, or not, would, at this juncture, have only excited and agitated her, without any possible advantage to either of you.”

“ Is it then *quite* decided ?” said Saville, tremblingly.

“ Irrevocably settled,” said Mrs. Franklin ; “ the *trousseau* is ready, and the day fixed.”

“ Is there no chance, then, of——”

“ Not a hope,” said Mrs. Franklin ; “ or rather I should say, not a fear.”

“ And is Miss Franklin equally pleased with the match with yourself?” said Saville; “ pardon my question; but next to enjoying happiness with her, to know that she herself is happy, will be some consolation.”

“ Indeed I believe so,” said Mrs. Franklin.

“ Are you quite sure?” said Saville, who grew energetic, in proportion to the calmness and readiness to listen which Mrs. Franklin evinced:—“ Has there been no compulsion used to force her into this union? Be candid, my dear Madam, with one whose fate seems linked with her’s. Has not the affair of Lieutenant O’Rotherham,—I see you start,—I am aware of the circumstances,—has not this business, which, after all, may be but a trifle, been urged upon her as a reason for consenting to a marriage with a man old enough to be her grandfather.”

“ Lieutenant who?” exclaimed Mrs. Franklin.

“ O’Rotherham,” replied Saville; “ I mean the affair at Epsom races; the cause, as I am

told, of your sending her to Mrs. Dowbiggin's for safety sake."

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed Mrs. Franklin, jumping from her seat and ringing the bell most violently;—"has your sorrow taken so serious a turn as this? What shall I do—what will become of me—alone and——"

At this moment several alarmed virgins of the establishment rushed into the apartment.

"Save me!" continued the lady; "protect me—I had no idea of the effects of misplaced affection."

"Lor!" screamed the mistress of the house, who followed her vestals into the drawing-room, armed with a yard measure:—"Vat, has he presume to be rude to madame?"

"Rude!" screamed the matron; "quite the contrary, Ma'am; he's mad—mad as a March hare!"

"Indeed, Mrs. Franklin," said Saville, "I am as entirely in my senses as ever I was in my life."

“ Send for a porter or two to get him out,” muttered one of the misses to an assistant, who glided forth to procure a couple of chairmen from the corner of Stafford-street, in case of necessity.

“ All I have said, or repeated,” continued Saville, “ I heard from a person who ought to know—Mrs. Richards.”

“ And who may Mrs. Richards be ?” said Mrs. Franklin, who was standing in the centre of a circle of guardian nymphs :—“ who are all the people of whom you have been talking ? Really, Mr. Saville, you *must be* crazy.”

“ Mr. Saville !” screamed one of the girls ; “ Oh, where is Mr. Saville ?—show him to me—show him to me !” saying which she fell nearly lifeless into the arms of a sister of the society.

At this most unexpected event, Saville was infinitely more surprised than any body else of the party. Mrs. Franklin began to think the insanity was infectious, and looked as if she expected to be bitten on the instant.

“ Vat, in de name of all de saints, is de matter

with you, Ma'mselle Harriet," exclaimed Madame 'Chose.'

"Nothing, Ma'am—oh, nothing," faltered out the poor girl.

"And who," screamed Mrs. Franklin, involuntarily snatching the yard measure from the lady abbess, "in the name of wonder, are Lieutenant O'Rotherham and Mrs. Dowbiggin?"

"I'll tell you, Ma'am," sobbed the recovering, yet still half-fainting girl;—"Lieutenant O'Rotherham, Ma'am, is an Irish gentleman on half-pay, to whom I was once attached; Mrs. Dowbiggin is *my* aunt, and Mr. Smith is the respectable individual to whom I am engaged to be married."

This was a thunderstroke to Saville, who never having seen the "young person" in the whole course of his existence, was overwhelmed at finding her so perfectly *au fait* as to Mrs. Franklin's friends and connexions, a knowledge of whom she had appeared so furiously resolved to disavow; but the reader will vainly attempt to comprehend the nature of his feelings, when

Mrs. Franklin, turning upon him a look expressive of mingled anger and contempt, exclaimed—

“ So, Sir, your visit to this house, then, was intended for this young lady, rather than for me ?”

“ Indeed, indeed, no,” said Saville; “ the Fates, to call them nothing worse, seem to have taken the management of this affair into their own hands. I do assure you I never saw this young lady in my life, before this minute.”

“ Indeed !” said Mrs. Franklin, incredulously.

“ Indeed, Ma’am,” said the distressed damsel, “ the gentleman never did, nor did I ever see him in the whole course of my existence till now.”

“ What for you faint, Miss Harriet,” said the supreme head of the establishment, “ if you no know him ?”

“ Because,” said she, “ in Mr. Saville I expected to see a person totally different from that gentleman; a person with whom I am slightly acquainted, but whose name I did not know;

and who, from the description given me by one of my father's servants, I concluded to be Mr. S."

"And pray, Miss," said Mrs. Franklin, who could not bear to be imposed upon, and who did not believe one syllable of the young person's story, "who may your father happen to be?"

"His name, like mine," replied Miss Harriet, "is Hammerman; he is the auctioneer and house-agent of whom you hired your house in Harley-street, and has now again the letting of it."

"And then," said Saville, "Mrs. Richard's is"——

"One of my father's servants, who is living there in the day-time, to show it to any body who wishes to see it."

"And your name is Harriet?"

"Exactly so."

"And you wrote the——"

"Yes, yes," anxiously interrupted the young lady, not anxious that Madame should become more than necessarily acquainted with all her

little amatory proceedings; "and all this mistake may be attributed to the stupidity of that old woman."

"Or," said Saville, "to my own blindness.—Oh, Mrs. Franklin, what sufficient apology can I make for having permitted myself for a moment to believe that your daughter could have been guilty of the indiscretion which I have attributed to her, or imagine her capable of conduct so incompatible with her station or feelings—how can I atone"——

"Well, I am sure, Sir," said Miss Hammerman; "you may as well keep a civil tongue in your head, or perhaps some of these fine mornings you may get yourself affronted. The gentleman I took for you would be precious angry with me if he knew who I had mistaken him for; and as for conduct, and compatibility, and all that, my father is one of the churchwardens, and if you offer to talk scandal about me, he'll make no more ado than whip you up in a white sheet, and force you to do penance in the parish church."

“Hoity-toity!” exclaimed the lady of the house; “vat all dis—put your tongue into your teeths, Miss, and leave de room, incessament—instantly—go out wid you. Miss Farrow, go down and tell Miss Frowsty to send away the chairmen.”

Saville felt considerably relieved by the discovery that he had been the victim of a blunder only; and that the voluntary *eclaircissement* afforded by Miss Hammerman was so admirably *apropos*: it did, indeed, what few other things could have done—cleared up a mystery in which he had been most extraordinarily involved, and which, in the outset of the adventure, appeared likely so far to have incensed Mrs. Franklin against him, as to induce her to forego the pleasure of ever hearing anything more about him.

Mrs. Franklin, as we have already seen, was, like many thousand others, always extremely good humoured when she was pleased. Recollecting what she had been extremely fond of in her youthful days, and not indeed having entirely abandoned, the practice of flirting,

whenever an opportunity offered, she was always disposed to afford every facility to the soft communings of lovers and their *beloveds*; and as we have ventured already to premise, she liked Saville. She saw that Harriet liked him—they found him extremely pleasant; and it is extraordinary what rapid strides a man makes, and what a firm hold he obtains in a house where he is so fortunate as to please both mother and daughter. If Mrs. Franklin had been asked what would have been most agreeable in the way of matrimony for her child, she would have confessed a marriage with Saville; but the admission which he had made of his inability to “settle,” or indeed to maintain the charges of an establishment, joined to the extreme tenuity of Harriet’s fortune, and the overpowering influence of her father’s friend, decided the question, and so separated two fond hearts.

With these feelings, however, towards him, Mrs. Franklin listened not only with tenderness, but even anxiety to Saville’s vindication of his conduct, until she became at length satisfied, that

even Harriet herself could not have been offended at what were proved to be his misfortunes only; unless indeed it were that he had intimated a belief of her being the companion of a rakish half-pay lieutenant in an excursion to Epsom, and entertained a suspicion of her having committed the infinitely greater atrocity of eating beef-steak pie and "pickled inions," moistening her ruby lips at the same time with a "swig," of Whitbread's "heavy wet."

Convinced, therefore, that as he had never seen Miss Hammerman, and was perfectly unknown to her, that he was perfectly exonerated upon the score of infidelity, Mrs. Franklin, who admired constancy to her very heart, disarmed herself of the yard measure and a roll of gros de Naples, which, in the moment of alarm, she had pressed into the service of her threatened dignity and person, and kindly offered Saville a seat in her carriage to the hotel in Jermyn-street, whither she had shifted her quarters previous to her departure for the country.

Miss Hammerman got severely lectured by

her principal for her numerous blunders, and left the house, declaring she never would return to it. In the sequel, she, like the young lady for whom she had been mistaken, married *her* Mr. Smith, to the popularity of whose name very much of the mischief that has already occurred to our hero may be attributed.

It is a common, although now, perhaps, somewhat formal expression, that such a one has been “kind in his carriage” towards another; never could it have been said with greater propriety or a stricter regard to truth, than in the case of Mrs. Franklin, who “in her carriage,” on the way to her hotel, expressed herself not only completely satisfied of the absurdity of the incident from the effects of which Charles Saville had just been extricated, but sorry that circumstances, inevitable and imperious, should have induced her to advocate a marriage for her daughter, not only not in perfect accordance with her views or principles, but which was practically in decided opposition to the encouragement which he must be conscious she had given him to visit,

and indeed, for a short period, almost domesticate himself with her and her daughter. Yet to Saville, what was kindness, what was civility—it is true they conciliated and soothed; but a murderer who smiles is still a murderer; and in the present case the murder of his happiness was actually committed, and would soon out, for it appeared that Harriet was at the present moment staying with her aunt, somewhere in the vicinity of London, where she was to remain until her marriage, her *respectable* intended being constantly associated with her, twaddling and toddling after her, wherever she went.

“ I have candidly told you the whole history,” said Mrs. Franklin; “ and I will now return you the letter which you intended for my poor child. All efforts to change her destiny would now be unavailing; and when I repeat that I am sure the avowal of your affection for her would have exceedingly distressed her, I trust you will think me justified in what I have done; and above all, that in the present stage of our affairs, you will not avail yourself of any information I may

have given you, to attempt any plan for seeing her clandestinely, or persuading her to any step which could only terminate in the ruin of both of you."

"I cannot so quietly admit the necessity of ruin," said Saville, encouraged by the suavity of Mrs. Franklin's manner, and his own belief that women of her turn of character generally desire men *not* to do any thing which they particularly wish to have done; "I have an independence, small, I admit, but with Harriet's, surely, if her opinion coincides with yours, a cottage and true affection——"

"Are beautiful things in a novel or a poem, Mr. Saville," said the matron. "Nothing sounds prettier in rhyme or melodious prose, than twining woodbine at the casement, and curling smoke in the valley; but in real life"—

"Oh, in real life, with a competence, however small, we might surely be happy."

"Not with the anger of a parent, and the recollection of a broken promise hanging over her," said Mrs. Franklin. "I have been a close ob-

server of life for many years, and I scarcely recollect in the whole course of my observation, to have seen a runaway match turn out well. The spirit which prompts rebellion to a parent, subsequently may induce revolt against a husband; and those feverish dispositions, which taking fire on the instant, excite a young woman to commit imprudent actions while she is single, are extremely likely to drive her to the perpetration of vicious ones, when she is married."

Arguing to a lover is like preaching to the wind, or whistling against thunder; yet Saville had so much method in his madness, as to admit the improbability of Harriet's acceding to such a proposition, and the impropriety of his suggesting it; and parted from her mother with a conviction that she was a most amiable parent, and shook hands with her when he left the hotel, where she had re-delivered him his letter, in perfect friendship, and certainly more in sorrow than in anger, at the course she had considered it right to adopt.

CHAPTER V.

THERE are certain human acts which may be considered unquestionably decisive : knocking away the dog-shores of a ship just ready for launching, cutting the last rope which holds a balloon just ready for ascending, drawing the bolt of the new drop when the culprits are ready for execution—such proceedings, brief and momentary as their continuance may be, are clearly irrevocable. The last smile which Mrs. Franklin bestowed upon Charles Saville, was not one bit less conclusive than any one of those ; nor was the bitterness of his lot at all qualified, by the suddenness with which he had tumbled from his regions of fancied happiness. It lost none of its misery by its abruptness ; and when he

turned away from the door of the hotel, although Jermyn-street was as full of carriages as usual, and he was jostled by the unsentimental foot passengers, who “pushed on” to their different occupations with the most inveterate energy, he felt as if he were alone in all the wide world.

To reflect upon what was past was worse than death, and to look forward to what was to come, was equally terrible. It seemed not only as if he had in a moment been deprived of the stay and comfort of his present existence, but as if he had lost the point of sight in the perspective of his future life. For whom was he now to toil and labour? who was to excite and encourage his exertions? who was to reward those exertions?—Harriet was another’s—and such an other’s. The Viscount, or even the Baronet, would have been better than this. Mrs. Smith—plain Mrs. Smith—to be only *that*—one of a hundred thousand Mrs. Smiths—and if distinguished from the vast herd, to be recognised as Mrs. Twaddle Smith; and then that “disparity of years,” of

which the said Smith had twaddled, was it likely that the idol of his heart could be happy under such circumstances? surely not. Surely she did not quite hate *him*—Charles Saville; he knew she did not. Should he pursue his flying fair? should he snatch her from the arms of her respectable intended, and in the teeth of all his promises to himself, and his protestations to her mother, force her into disobedience, and carry her away to the pastoral scenes of which he had spoken so rapturously and yet so unsuccessfully to that amiable gentlewoman.

She was domiciliated with her aunt—not indeed in Carburton-street, Fitzroy-square, but in the neighbourhood of Weybridge. Various means were canvassed, and sundry devices considered by the wavering lover, coupled with a careful inspection of the map of Surrey, in order to ascertain the shortest cut from the retreat of his fair one into the North-road, if so lengthened a flight should be necessary. He had by no means come to a resolution upon this important point; but he had, as it will be seen, admitted

the principle, and that was going a considerable way into the matter.

A lover without a confidant, is like a watch without a spring—a well without a bucket—or a lady without a looking-glass; and accordingly Charles Saville, like the rest of the fraternity, forthwith provided himself with one. During the prosperous days of his attachment, he did not discover the absolute necessity for such support, and to his vain independence during that blissful period, may be attributed much of the embarrassment into which he had plunged; but now that he had to moan and complain, he felt how great an alleviation it would be to his grief, if he could find an ear wherein he might pour some of his sorrow. This feeling, which was not very dissimilar in principle, to that of the Irishman who rejoiced in the notion, that a journey of eighteen miles performed by himself and friend, would be divided into two portions of nine miles each, he resolved to indulge; and after a due and delicate advance upon so nice a subject, he opened the whole matter to a friend long known and often

tried in matters of worldly concern, but to whom he had never yet confided the state of his heart, as regarded Miss Harriet Franklin.

The name of this friend was Alvingham, and although his Majesty still retains a confessor at court, for the use of the royal household, it was not because Mr. Alvingham was already in orders, and an officiating minister in one of the fashionable churches in the metropolis, that Saville selected him as the depository of his secrets: oral confession formed no part of the lover's creed, nor did he believe that having the cure of souls, did in any way qualify his reverend friend for the cure of hearts. His object in putting him in possession of the state of his affairs with Harriet, was to receive from him such council as might regulate his conduct, as it might affect the object of his love; for after all, *he* affords the strongest proof of sincere affection towards a woman, who, without one selfish feeling, consents to give her up rather than injure her worldly comfort, and thus abandons his own happiness for the sake of securing her's. It was

this view which Mr. Alvingham took of the subject under discussion. With a sober moderation suited to his habit and calling, he represented to his more ardent friend the imprudence of rashly violating his word, or at least his implied promise to Mrs. Franklin, and incurring the heavy responsibility of engaging a child in a league against a parent.

“ Ah, but,” said Saville, “ I do really believe by her manner that she would not be sorry if I rescued her daughter from the fate that awaits her.”

“ In that case,” replied Alvingham, “ she must be doubly base and culpable. If she have sufficient clearness of perception to anticipate unhappiness for her daughter in the marriage to which she has destined her, what can be offered in extenuation of her concluding such an alliance ?”

“ The influence of her late husband’s friend,” answered Saville ; “ the executor of his will ; the trustee of his child.”

“ Let the man possess all the influence,” said

Alvingham, "to which his three-fold occupations in the family may entitle him, and yet I cannot perceive that his marrying a girl young enough to be his grand-daughter, forms any part of the duty of any one of them."

"Well, then," said Charles, eager to get an opinion favourable to his eloping scheme, "would you have me risk the momentary anger of all the interested parties and strike the blow?"

"By no means," said Alvingham. "We have hitherto discussed your proposal merely as affecting the relative feelings and duties of parent and child. Now look deeper into the question. You have already told me her mother's opinion of the poetical notion of 'love in a cottage;' examine the case yourself. You have but a very small independence; her fortune, as far as it extends, is dependent upon the will of her mother; and that mother is apparently dependent upon this formidable trustee. You must labour for the means to live, to support your wife, and, if Heaven should so ordain,

your family; ask yourself whether you are justified in snatching this amiable young creature from a sphere of life in which, although perhaps she may not have partaken of the more splendid gifts of fortune, she has enjoyed at least an undisturbed and happy competence. Ask yourself, I say, my dear friend, whether you have a right to withdraw her from scenes of comfort and serenity to place her amidst the stormy elements to which a young, unknown, professional man must naturally be exposed."

"I deny," said Saville, "that Harriet is at this moment enjoying either serenity or comfort. She is unhappy and miserable, as all girls must be whose inclinations are forced, and who are——"

"Stay, stay, Saville," interrupted Alvingham, "by what rule, by what criterion are you judging the young lady's feelings? by what standard do you regulate the admeasurement of her sufferings? All you know of the history seems to me to be, that having been introduced to a very charming person, you began first to admire, and

then to love her. You never declared your affection, but lingered on basking in the sunshine of her bright eyes, until a more active and yet more wary suitor took the decisive step which you had neglected, and obtained the prize, which, by your own admission, you did not think worth asking for, until, in fact, it was disposed of to your rival."

"My dear friend," said Saville, "it is perfectly clear to me that you were never placed in the position in which I found myself relatively with Miss Franklin. I was living constantly with them, almost from the first until the last day of my acquaintance with her. I had no thoughts of happiness out of her sight; the minutes seemed hours when I was away from her; and it seemed as if nature contrived to maintain the equation of time by turning the hours into minutes when I was with her. The incidents of one day led to engagements for the next; and then I was fascinated and happy. I knew—for even a dullard such as I, can find out *that*—I was not disagreeable either to mother or

daughter ; they both esteemed me, each in her different degree. I knew what were her expectations for her daughter in the way of marriage. I saw that she was almost aware of the imprudence of permitting my constant association with her child, being herself conscious that our marriage was out of the question. I saw more, I saw that they both dreaded lest I should make the declaration which would infallibly separate us eternally, while I trembled under the daily anticipation of some remark on the subject from the elder lady herself ; and thus we went on, until Cræsus in the sticking-plaister shorts hobbled in upon all the confidence of half a million, and snapped up my unhappy Harriet."

"There we differ," replied his friend. "I admit all your doubts, and delicacies, and difficulties—they were all natural enough ; but I do not admit that you have any right to presume that a young lady who accepts an offer has thereby rendered herself unhappy. She has decided—she is gone ; and if you will take the advice of one rather your senior, and whose

professional avocations and their preparatory studies, have caused him to sober his feelings and regulate his passions, you will reconcile yourself to a loss which may be repaired by a second choice, and permit the young lady who has decided for herself to put in practice her scheme of happiness without further interruption."

"My dear Alvingham, you talk so rationally that I am sure you can have no idea what a man really in love feels," said Saville.

"My dear Saville," replied Alvingham, "there you are as much mistaken as I fancy you may be with respect to Miss Franklin's misery. I have been in love; I am in love; and I should be extremely sorry if I were not."

"Well, but then," said Saville, "your beloved has not been snatched from you at the moment she was within your reach."

"No," said Alvingham, smiling, "she certainly has not. If I had delayed and procrastinated she might have been. I, on the contrary, have woo'd and won her."

“ And with the consent of all parties ?”

“ Of all,” replied the other. “ It would look ill for one of my cloth to appear in the character of a scheming lover ; although such parts have been enacted by some of my reverend brethren. I have obtained the consent of my Eliza and the sanction of her parents, and her brother unites us, next week, at St. George’s, Hanover-square.”

“ Why, I hate you,” said Saville, “ absolutely hate you. Do you imagine, my dear friend, that if I had had the slightest idea that you were yourself a happy lover, a well received son-in-law, and a welcome nephew, that I would have consulted you upon my unfortunate case ? not I ; as Sir Robert Howard says—

“ The happy seldom heed th’ unhappy’s pain.”

And with every respect for your kindness of disposition and tenderness of heart, it is impossible to make you, a ‘ prosperous wooer,’ comprehend, in the smallest degree, the wretchedness which a being placed in my present situation is doomed to suffer.”

“ You do me injustice,” said Alvingham; “ my own happiness—for I *am* happy so far as worldly matters are concerned—does not in the least incapacitate me from sympathising most heartily with you in your distress; all I mean to offer to your attention in any thing I may venture to say, is the fact, that your happiness will not be secured,—you may rely upon it I am right,—by overthrowing the present scheme of happiness which the Franklin family have now arranged. And recollect what a pang will you feel, in addition to all the others, which the ruin of your Harriet’s prospects will some day or other inflict, when you have to reproach yourself, or, it may be, even are reproached by *her*, with having disunited her from her mother, by exciting her to disobedience and rebellion.”

“ Her mother would be glad I did this ‘ gentle violence’ of saving her,” said Saville.

“ Upon my word,” replied Alvingham, “ the Franklins seem to be a most extraordinary race : the daughter, devoted to you, very quietly consents to marry your rival; and the mother, who

advocates the match, would be extremely glad if you were able to break it off. Really, you must see this family through a curious medium, or with eyes not much clearer than Cupid's own. However, you have asked my advice, and I have given it ;—whether you will act upon it is another question.”

Saville's answer to the doubt implied in the last observation was evasive. The truth seemed to be, that, like all men, where love or marriage form the subject matter of debate, Saville had made up his mind as to his future conduct long before he took the precaution of consulting his reverend friend ; and like all his bewitched compeers, under the magical influence of woman, agreed with his counsellor only just so long as his advice exactly tallied with his inclinations.

Alvingham saw this, and therefore concluded his lecture, having himself an appointment to call on his intended, almost precisely at the time fixed upon by Saville for his confession ; and preferring, as a good pastor ever does, practice to preaching, he rather gladly dismissed the

discussion and the disciple ; not however without begging him, whatever he might think proper to do with regard to Miss Franklin, not to forget that the parsonage-house of Harlingham was always open to him, and expressing a hope that as it soon would have a mistress, it would not lose any of the attractions which, as the residence of an old and faithful friend, it might be supposed to possess.

Thus parted these worthy compeers ; affording in their minds, tempers, characters, dispositions, and circumstances, two of the most striking examples of dissimilitude that, perhaps, were ever exhibited under one roof. Alvingham, happy, contented, and blest with quiet, competence, and every hope of domestic happiness ; Saville, wretched, restless, and dissatisfied with himself, and every body else, looking for support to a profession for which it seemed he had but little turn or talent, separated from her with whom alone he imagined it possible to exist, and not in the slightest degree decided as to the course of action which he had best pursue, either to

recover her forthwith, or relinquish her altogether.

One incident occurred on his return home to his lodgings in the evening, which excited him in an awful degree, and roused him from the stupor of grief into which he appeared to have fallen. He found a square packet of papers upon his table; a momentary glance sufficed to convince him, that the address was written by either Mrs. Franklin or Harriet. Habit, association, and perhaps the same master, give so strong a *family* likeness to the hand-writing of mothers and daughters, in these days of elegant education and literary unintelligibility, that he could not, at first sight, decide which of them “had done the deed;” but that the parcel came from the family he was convinced.

It seemed an age till the servant left the room—he felt that he dare not trust himself to open the magic paper while he remained near him, and might be a witness to the violent emotions which its contents might produce. At length alone, he made a desperate plunge, and cut the

string with which it was tied ; and found in his hands three or four of Haynes Bayly's sweetest and most touching melodies ; the all accomplished Mrs. Norton's "*Undying One, and other Poems ;*" "*The Pleasures of Memory ;*" and two volumes of "*Debrett's Peerage ;*" all of which he had at different times, on different occasions, taken or sent to Harley-street ; and which were now, after the general rummage, returned to their lawful owner, with " Mrs. Franklin's compliments," written on a slip of paper, and deposited within the parcel.

Amongst the innumerable ingenuities of a lover, none are more remarkable than those which he displays in groundlessly exhilarating or depressing his spirits ; exciting or damping his hopes, and perverting whatever he sees or hears, or whatever happens, however accidentally, into something bearing most pointedly and decidedly upon himself, and his own particular *affaire de cœur*.

Nobody, except a lover, or one who at some period of his life had laboured heavily under the

complaint, could picture to himself the assiduity with which Charles Saville searched and sought over every corner and cranny of Mrs. Franklin's parcel, to discover something about it, that might convey a hint or a meaning, either from herself or Harriet. There certainly was a dash under the Mrs. in the brief note—what did *that* mean? to point out particularly that Harriet had nothing to do with returning the books; did it mean that he was not to consider that return any thing more than a mere matter of course; did it imply that, although Mrs. Franklin sent them back, Miss Franklin would rather have kept them as relics of former foregone happiness?

This consideration of the question, which had, in point of fact, nothing whatever in it, occupied him at least a quarter of an hour. Then an investigation of the seal was commenced; a thistle, with the *device*, “dinna forget”—that was odd—it must mean *something*!—“dinna forget,” was such an extraordinary injunction just at the breaking off of an engagement—was he to gather much encouragement from this? Lover like, he attri-

buted a motive to the commonest action of his Harriet's life. "Dinna forget," he repeated at least a hundred times in a hundred different tones; and if he had implicitly obeyed the injunction contained in the important words, he could not have failed to remember, that the blood-stone bearing this trite and hacknied impression (without which no Scotchwoman, married or single, matron or daughter, is to be found,) was one of a circular cluster of seals, moving on an agate handle, at the purchase of which, at Grayhurst and Harvey's, he had himself been present. There is little doubt, however, if even this had entered his mind, he would have drawn some favourable conclusion from the coinciding circumstance of his having been one of the party when it was bought, and its appearing on the packet destined, as it outwardly appeared, to terminate his connexion with the family; he never taking into the calculation, that which happened to be the fact, that the memorable parcel, upon which so much appeared to depend, had been made up by Mrs. Franklin's

maid, who had concluded her operation of packing, by giving it the seal which had so strongly excited all his tenderest feelings.

There were, however, other circumstances upon which Saville dwelt, which might have been rather more important. In turning over the leaves of Mrs. Norton's poems, he perceived that some pages had been doubled down; some even appeared to have been pencil-marked.

“ Would I were with thee ! every day and hour
Which now I spend so sadly far from thee !
Would that my form possess'd the magic power,
To follow where my heavy heart would be ;
Whate'er thy lot—by land or sea,
Would I were with thee, eternally ! ”

This, page 259, was doubled down. It is impossible to describe the thrill—the chill—the glow he felt at seeing the mark. The ninth page farther on, had received a similar distinction.

“ Oh, Edward ! dark my doom—this heart will love for ever,
Though thou wilt never share its joy or pain !
Thine eye will turn to mine, and meet its glance ; but never
Beam fondly back on her's who loves in vain ;

But when weary life is o'er, and in the grave I'm lying,
(Silently a woman's heart should hide its love and break)
Then dearest, *then* some voice shall tell thee sighing,
How weary was my life to me for Edward's sake."

"For *Edward's* sake!" repeated Saville.—
"Old Smith's name cannot be Edward," thought he—his vanity whispered "*nomine mutato de te*," she sings, or rather marks what others sing. It certainly was very odd—the lines were apposite and applicable—she had avowedly no opportunity of directly communicating her sentiments, even had she the boldness to make a confession. Here was a delicate mode of explaining the real state of her heart, and expressing the true character of her feelings;—it must be so.—All the schemes of contrivances and stratagems with which the pages of novels and romances were formerly filled, occurred to his memory. Telegraphic signals—sympathetic inks—cyphers, and keys, lemon juice of new milk, and every other imaginable device for clandestine correspondence, flitted before his sight; and upon these grounds, and no better, he resolved to put into immediate execution, at all events, the pre-

liminary arrangements for carrying off the broken-hearted Harriet.

Debrett's Peerage, which lay next to the poems on the table, became mechanically the next object of his observation, and he took the first volume in his hand. He threw it from him with a toss of indifference; when, lo, and behold! the book of fate, that magic tome, which displays to longing eyes the wonders of "the creation," fell open at a particular page, as if it had been long "used to it." When he examined it, he found that the page was particularly thumbed and tumbled, and moreover duly marked by a "dog's ear," even more decided than that which had attracted his notice to the poems,—he read as follows.

"Henry Augustus Baxter, Earl of Kencherton, Viscount Pertwood, and Baron Baxter of Saxmundham, in the county of Suffolk, G.C.H.; a General in the army; Colonel of the 103d regiment of foot, and a Commissioner of the metropolitan roads; married, July 7, 1798, the Right Honourable Lady Mary Witherington, only

daughter of George, late Earl of Crawley, by Mary-Jane, third daughter of William, fifth Duke of Twickenham. Her ladyship died, March 4, 1830, leaving the Earl the following issue,—

1. Charles George Augustus, b. April 15, 1799. d. young.
2. Emily Mary, b. June 4, 1800. m. 8 Sept. 1819, the Hon. William Boggis, third son of Lord Pauperton, of Killymidam-nimo, N. B.
3. Henry Augustus, Viscount Pertwood, b. June 18, 1802. a Lieut.-col. in the army and M.P.
4. William, who d. young.

Creations. Barony, 1584. Earl, 1766.

Motto. “ PERSEVERANCE.”

Town residence. Grosvenor-square.

Seats. Kencherton House, Gloucestershire, Turflands, Suffolk, Twickenham Castle, Cumberland.

No sooner had Charles perused this much loved, much read page to the bottom than his ardour

cooled, his enthusiasm drooped, and from the heights of extacy he precipitated himself into the "deepest" depths of despair. With how much reason he had previously exalted, or what ground he had for at present thus debasing his hopes, it is impossible to say; but the immediate cause of the sudden and desperate change in his feelings, was the fact, that this very Lord Pertwood, as the reader may perhaps remember, was at one time, and oh! (which made the matter still worse,) at the very period when Harriet Franklin borrowed this very book, a dangler, as the world thought, and a professed lover, as her mother said, of that very Harriet herself.

Did she then seriously think of him?—had she, with all the dislike and distaste for him, which she had professed to Charles, really contemplated an union with him? Had she with anxiety and interest traced his lineage, scanned his pretensions, and read over the list of the titles inherent in his race? Could it be possible? What she had done with the Baronet he could not, from equally good authority, de-

termine; there were no data in Debrett to go upon; but the one case was quite sufficient to overturn his visionary schemes, and rase his castles to their ethereal foundations.

It is curious to think how these “trifles light as air,” should set a sensible man up and pull him down again in so brief a space of time; that it had the latter effect may be easily believed, when the reader learns that all the preparations which Saville had resolved to make for his northern expedition, were for the moment abandoned, and the intensity of devotion with which he had, an hour before, loved his Harriet, was metamorphosed into a sort of restless discontent with himself for having so easily been made the dupe of her heartlessness. What effect upon his future life this newly-excited feeling produced, the reader will, perhaps, learn in the following chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

How long the sensitive lover remained in this desponding mood, it is neither possible nor necessary for us to know. His feelings were destined to undergo a new trial in consequence of his having accepted an invitation from his friend Alvingham to accompany him to dine with the family out of which he had selected a daughter, the charming and accomplished young lady to whom he was on the eve of marriage. In the circle of this happy and contented family he saw his friend received with warmth, affection, and cordiality, each of its members appearing to strive who should render him most welcome and comfortable; every allusion which was made spoke of anticipated happiness; and Charles

came away fully convinced, that a man treated and circumstanced like his reverend friend, must be the happiest of his sex; but then charming as were the Miss Simpsons, there was not one out of the whole nine, for of that number did the muse-like family consist, at all comparable with Harriet Franklin.

Still it was impossible for him in his then temper of mind, not to be painfully and forcibly struck by the contrast which Alvingham's position afforded to that in which he himself was placed. Why had not *he* taken orders and gone into the church? Why had not he thus secured at a *coup*, a competency, which however moderate, was enough, since it gave his friend a right to make the match he had, instead of choosing a profession in which nothing but lengthened toil, superior ability, and constant application, could make him either affluent or eminent. There are professions in which favour and affection may rapidly promote a man, but in Law and Physic, however much adventitious circumstances may sometimes aid the latter, merit

alone can stand and make its way. Let a man be never so kind of heart or generous in disposition, health and wealth, life and property, are matters not to be trifled with; civility and ceremony, partiality and patronage, are, in such affairs, out of the question; and he that is entangled in difficulties, or assailed by sickness, will seek the best lawyer and the best doctor, without any great regard to personal feelings or private predilections.

“And yet,” thought poor Saville, by way of consoling himself, “I could not have done as Alvingham has done. I had no interest to procure such preferment as he holds. Why do I lament not having done what I could not do? or why repine at the complete success of his scheme of rational happiness, when circumstances have barred me from a similar course.”

The future Mrs. Alvingham,—and the reader is destined to know more of her hereafter,—was the very picture, as the old nurses say, of good humour. She was fair, rosy-cheeked, red-lipped and inclining to plumpness; a description which

will no doubt inspire the skinny and consumptive of my readers with horror; all the withering spectres about town, with long fleshless fingers and ribs, affect to shudder at any thing bordering upon the *en bon point*; a fat woman, (and what they call fat is, like Miss Mary Simpson, only plump) is associated in their ideas and conversation with vulgarity and coarseness, and they strain their ghost-like countenances into an expression of horror at the idea of any thing bearing more flesh about it than themselves.

To these, the kind-hearted, good-natured Mary would have been "oppressive,"—dear girl, to those who were less refined, but infinitely more delicate than the anti-obesity phantoms who haunt the world, she was every thing that was amiable and prepossessing. Of course, as Saville was Alvingham's friend, she knew the whole history of his love and disappointment before she had seen him. Women are full of consideration, and kindness, and sympathy, and Mary felt a deep interest in the fate of their new acquaintance: she was pleased with his

manners, admired his accomplishments, and although his conversation, under the influence of his sorrow, was not so gay and brilliant as it sometimes was wont to be, she could judge of what its bright days were, by what she saw of it in its gloom, as a man looks at a villa in winter and says, "What a lovely spot this *must* be in summer!" and she rejoiced that her future spouse had such a friend, and sincerely hoped, in all the hospitality of her heart, that he would come and be a frequent guest at Harlingham Parsonage.

Scarcely any thing more seriously annoys an unsettled, distracted lover, than the spectacle of a happy family going on almost mechanically in its round of quiet arrangements:—the sons pursuing their avocations, or enjoying their pleasures; the daughters dividing their time between study and recreation, amusement and charity; obedient children to indulgent parents, who, blessed with competence, and not cursed with vanity, permit the feelings and inclinations of their offspring as to their eventual settlement

in life, to have, at least, fair play, and evince a readiness to conduce to their happiness in the most important particulars, by moderating their expectations in making alliances for them, and preferring modest worth and unassuming merit to the more brilliant but much less suitable pretensions of exalted birth or extensive fortune.

When Charles Saville returned to town from Mr. Simpson's snug, well-placed villa at Clapham, he was haunted by the recollection of the smiling countenances of all the young ladies, made restless and uncomfortable by the remembrance of the ease and comfort which his friend seemed to enjoy in his well-chosen road to matrimony. It struck him, however, in the midst of his woes, that the amiability of the old gentleman,—or “Governor,” as his sons were jocosely in the habit of calling him,—would be very speedily extended to himself, if he could direct his feelings, and conquer his attachment for Harriet Franklin, and attach himself to one of his amiable daughters; and to be sure Sarah

Jane was an extremely nice girl, excessively good-natured, quite enough accomplished, and although, as Edmund Burke said of his wife, not made to be the admiration of every body, she seemed formed to make the happiness of one; but thus to abandon all the hopes of his life, to surrender a chance of his beloved for the sake of Miss Sally Simpson,—the idea only flashed into his mind to be extinguished for ever.

He resolved not to re-visit the philanthropic plains of Clapham; he determined no longer to consult Alvingham on the measures to be pursued. He was convinced that a matter of fact, jog-trot lover, *fetéd*, favoured, and accepted, could never sympathize with *him*; and therefore hastily bidding him adieu for the present, he came to a decision of even more importance than that of abandoning his friend, and that was,—to carry off his beloved. He had heard Mr. Simpson talk of the real, inherent, and unalterable affection of parents for their children; he felt convinced of the genuineness of

all that gentleman's doctrines; and before two o'clock in the morning, after his return from the villa, had completely satisfied himself that if he made the dash, pounced on his innocent dove, and carried her off; long before the honeymoon waned, he and his bride would be welcomed back by his amiable mother-in-law, who would, as he believed, do every thing in her power to compensate to the elderly willow-wearing swain for his loss, even to the extent of offering *herself* to become Mrs. Smith, in lieu of her daughter.

This resolution once formed, the reader may easily suppose that the hours until he could obtain the attendance of his servant, passed heavily with Saville. The inevitable delay, however, gave him time to arrange his plans; and long before his valet and prime-minister was up, and down, he had settled the programme of the whole performance.

This valet was a character—that is to say, if having no character except that which he brought from his last place, justifies one in

saying so. His name was Twigg; he was his master's counsellor and adviser upon many occasions; and it was to his not having employed him in the Harley-street stratagem, that Saville attributed its lamentable failure, and his consequent disagreeable exposure. Saville had a high opinion of Twigg's judgment upon many topics; he had before this, discussed the subject of the elopement, and had been much edified by his man's remarks and observations; he was attached to him for his fidelity and prudence, and considered him "quite a treasure" in the way of guarding him against imposition, and directing him to bargains; the truth being, that Twigg had not three ideas in the world beyond taking the best possible care of himself. The only virtue he possessed, consisted in a studious accommodation of himself to his master's will and opinion, and in always agreeing with him upon every point under discussion; constantly appearing to originate something, which his master pronounced exceedingly wise and clever, but which, in fact, was neither more nor less, than a new version of some

old proposition which had been previously made by Saville himself.

“Twigg,” said Saville, “shut the door.”—The door of course was shut.—“I am resolved to put my scheme in practice with regard to Miss Franklin. Have you got the paper about the line of posting down the north-road, which you had from Newman?”

“I have, Sir,” said Twigg.

“I cannot sit down quietly and give her up,” said Saville;—“the affair is perfectly simple.”

“Very, Sir,” said Twigg.

“Of course every man knows his own business best—” said Saville, “but—I—upon my life—I don’t know—I think it is better at once to make the plunge; and I question whether it is not wiser to be rash for an hour, than miserable for life.”

“It is a question, Sir.”

“Yet, Twigg, if I hesitate the opportunity is lost.”

“So it is, Sir.”

"She cannot fail of being wretched with Smith."

"Impossible!" said Twigg.

"He is a worthy man," said Saville, muttering to himself.

"Very, Sir," said Twigg.

"But not suited to *her*."

"By no means," said Twigg.

"He's sixty-three at least."

"Yes, Sir, full sixty-three," said Twigg.

"That, to be sure, is not so very old."

"No, Sir," said Twigg, "not so very old."

"Too old for a girl of nineteen."

"Oh! much too old, Sir," said Twigg.

"I believe she is fond of *me*," said Saville—like a fool.

"Very, Sir," said Twigg—like a knave.

"Do you think so, Twigg?" said Saville.

"I do, Sir," replied Twigg.

"How d'ye know?"

"Umph! I don't *know*," said Twigg; "servants talk, Sir."

“To be sure they do—very proper they should.”

“Very, Sir.”

“Did Miss Franklin’s maid ever touch upon the subject with you?”

“Do what, Sir?” said Twigg.

“Speak of her young lady’s affection for *me*?”

“In course, Sir,” said Twigg, “what I say to you upon that, won’t go to the old lady?”

“Certainly not.”

“Well,” said Twigg, “we have argued it over now and then ; and one night as we were sitting in the servants’ hall—for there’s no second table at Mrs. Franklin’s—Thomas the footman comes to the door, and he says, says he to me, ‘Saville, you’re wanted.’”

“Saville?” said Charles, “Twigg, you mean.”

“I mean Twigg, Sir,” replied he ; “but we are always called after our masters’ names—it saves trouble. ‘Saville,’ says he, ‘you’re wanted.’ ‘Ah,’ says Miss Johnstone, Miss Harriet’s maid, says she, ‘the time isn’t far distant, I think, when we shall all be united in one establishment.’”

"That looks ominous," said Saville.

"Very, Sir," answered Twigg.

"And with that, Sir," continued Twigg, "we began talking of one foolish thing and another, and at last we talked about *you*, and I thought—thinks I—if my master marries Miss Franklin—"

"Saville the second might marry Miss Johnstone," interrupted Charles.

"Exactly so, Sir," said Twigg; "its the way they does it in books, and plays, and novels, and—"

"Perfectly natural," said Saville.

"Very, Sir," said Twigg.

This enlightenment of the master as to the views of the servant, was by no means disagreeable to Charles; he felt that the community of interest between himself and his valet, would insure the exertions and secure the fidelity of both domestics, and thought he perceived an additional zeal and ardour flash into his man's countenance and manner, the moment after he had confided his real feelings and intentions to his master.

It may seem incompatible with the elegance of Saville's mind, and the delicacy of his feelings, that he could thus sympathize with his "flunky," as the Scots have it; but those who know the human heart, know that love, like misfortune, makes men acquainted with strange bedfellows.

Love levels ranks, lords down to cellars bears,
And bids the brawny porter walk up stairs;
There's nought for love too high, nor aught too low,
Oh, Huncamunca! Huncamunca, oh!

At all events, Twigg's exertions would be stimulated by the prospect of obtaining the hand of Miss Johnstone; who, according to his own description of her, was "a delishos creechur, who wartzed like a German, and danced the galipot to perfection."

Half of what had transpired during the colloquy between Saville and his servant, was not necessary to decide the love-stricken gentleman in his course; all the arrangements necessary to the great enterprise, were immediately canvassed. Charles had studied that part of the county of Surrey in which his beloved

damsel was, as he believed, confined, with all the tact and zeal of a quarter-master-general; not a lane nor a brook was unknown to him; and he was as familiar with the circuit of country lying between Botleys and Littleton in one direction, and Oatlands and St. Anne's Hill in the other, as he ought to have been with the interior of Mr. Nibble's chambers, or the shady recesses of Paper-buildings, and King's Bench Walk. In pursuance of designs originating in his knowledge of all the localities, he resolved upon fixing his head-quarters at Rattew's, the Swan at Chertsey, whence he could despatch his faithful Leporello to the mansion of Harriet's aunt, and thence, under favour of "Miss J." (as Twigg always called her,) receive those communications, upon which the happiness or misery of two fond hearts so entirely depended.

Accordingly, having previously put himself in communication with the Crown at Uxbridge, where horses were to be ready to convey him and his prize, (with Twigg and Miss J., in the rumble) to St. Alban's, and thence to Gretna,

he proceeded to the domicile of the said Rattew, into the yard of which he was driven, and where he descended from the carriage (jobbed from Messrs. Fell and Briggs, of Charles-street), and stepping with a dignified air into the midst of a groupe, composed of "mine host," Mrs. R., and a chambermaid, announced his intention of honouring the Swan, by occupying a sitting-room and bed-room there for a day or two.

"Sorry, Sir," said Rat, "God bless me, so I am—not a bed or a room in the house but what is full. All engaged, Sir, for Ascot races."

"Dear heart!" said Mrs. Swan.

"The deuce take it!" said Saville.

"Here's a pretty commence," said Twigg.

"This is very provoking," said Saville.

"Very, Sir," sighed the servant.

"It always happens so," said Rattew; "for weeks and weeks we have not a soul near us, and then comes a crowd all in a lump. However, Sir, walk in, we must try to get you a bed over the way, and as for sitting-room, there's the assembly-room up stairs, with only one or two

small parties, very genteel and agreeable, perhaps you would not mind joining them."

The idea of mingling in a mixed society huddled together in an assembly-room, to a being, whose mind absorbed by one idea alone, was seeking the deepest solitude in order to indulge his thoughts and arrange his plans, was worse than death. But what was to be done—there was, to be sure, another inn, but an inferior one; and that, in all probability, as full as the Swan. Calling, therefore, a little of the rationality of ordinary life to his assistance, Charles acceded to the double proposition of the landlord, and while the maid was sent in search of the promised bed, he proceeded up stairs to the apartment in which the various parties, designated "genteel and agreeable," were placed.

The company consisted of a city wine-merchant and his wife, and his wife's sister, (both ladies being natives of Maldon in Essex, as it should seem,) and a lover of the young lady. They were surrounding a large table in the centre of the room, on which were placed an

extensive tea equipage, and a huge round of cold beef, an admixture of late dinner, well timed tea, and early supper, with which all the practitioners showed themselves highly delighted.

This knot of laughers was shortly joined by a "stout gentleman" on crutches, who it seemed had selected that particular stage of his recovery from some serious accident, to attend a race-course. He did not appear to have been previously acquainted with the party, but soon amalgamated with them; a process which the more rapidly took place after the return of the wine-merchant, from an expedition which he had undertaken for the purpose of making, with his own hands, a quantity of hot punch, sufficient to fill a bowl of proportions equal to those of the round of beef before noticed.

These worthies were enjoying themselves in a manner perfectly dreadful to Saville; they joked, they laughed, they discussed the court, the Maldon election, Sir Walter Scott's belief in ghosts, and what they should have for dinner the next day. At last it was agreed that each

member of the party should choose a dish; and to Saville's horror and amazement, who had in vain attempted to close his ears to the conversation in progress, each individual of the *coterie*, chose a roasted duck stuffed with sage and onions; the only variety arising in the selection of the stout gentleman with the crutches, who voted for goose with the same sauce.

The boisterous rapture with which this announcement was received, rang through the lofty apartment; and besides striking to the very heart of Saville, seemed most violently to discompose the serenity of two new associates, who, having previously secured stabling for their team, had abandoned their "coach and four," for a table at the "west end" of the room, where they were dining at ten, and giving and taking information from a jockey belonging to one of them, who had cantered down on his pony from Ascot to meet them.

The house began to fill; arrivals accumulated. The wine-merchant's agreeable wife, and her pretty and vivacious sister having retired, the

wine-merchant, the lover, and the “stout gentleman,” began a fresh bowl of punch, and seemed to be setting in for the evening, when Twigg was announced as wishing to speak to his master.

Every particle of intelligence, however minute, connected with the object of his visit to Chertsey, was of first-rate importance to Saville; he flew to grant an audience to his active minister.

“What is it?” said Saville.

“Miss and her Ma, are to be at Ascot to-morrow, Sir,” said Twigg.

“How d’ye know?”

“They get their horses from here,” said Twigg; “and four are ordered to be at the Lodge at twelve.”

“Good—you must get horses for *me*, then,” said Saville—“I’ll go too.”

“We can’t get any horses for our carriage, Sir,” said Twigg, “all bespoke. If I was you, Sir, I would not go; better not be seen—let me alone for to-morrow.”

“What will *you* do?” said Saville.

“Go to their house when they are gone,” said Twigg, “see Miss J., and carry any message or note, or what not, that you may choose to send. If you meet Miss Harriet and the old one on the race-course, they’ll all be in a regular lantarum puff, and we shall all be beaten.”

“Faith,” said Charles, not exactly comprehending the meaning of his excellent domestic’s phraseology, but making a tolerably fair guess at its general bearing, “I think you are right—there are, as you say, strong reasons for my not going.”

“Very, Sir,” said Twigg, “and one in particular; which beats all the rest,—you have no means of getting there; no—you keep here, Sir, while I go skrimmiging about the premises, and I’ll back my life to do some good; I don’t speak without book, Sir.”

“It shall be so,” said his master; “you shall take the opportunity of the family’s absence, and see how the land lies.”

“Oh!” said Twigg, with a most melancholy expression of countenance; “but do you write,

Sir. I'm sure Miss Harriet would like to have a billy of your's, ever so small a one, Sir."

"Well," replied Charles, "there will be time enough for all that in the morning. Call me at nine, and in all probability I shall have written a few lines, just stating"——

"Oh! never mind what it is, Sir," said Twigg, whose delight at finding himself his master's confidant, seemed to have no bounds, "so you do but say something to her, just to cheer up her spirits."

"We'll see," said Saville, convinced by the manner in which Twigg descanted upon the subject, that Harriet's maid had given him some very strong grounds for believing in the strength of her mistress's attachment to him.

Having dismissed his anxious retainer for the night, Saville proceeded to his bed-room on the opposite side of the street, to which he was ushered by the landlord himself, who in crossing the way, inquired how his guest intended to travel to the course in the morning.

"I am not going to the races," said Saville.

“ No, Sir !” said Rattew, with an expression of astonishment strong upon his countenance.

“ No, I have other business to occupy me,” said Saville; “ besides, even if I had not, as you have no horses ‘disengaged, I have no means of getting thither.”

“ Dear me, Sir,” said the civil Swan; “ I’m very sorry for *that*—I dare say—indeed I am sure, if you wished for a cast up to the heath, Sir Harry Amadou would be delighted to take you in his four-horse coach, which is standing in the yard, provided as how you’d no objection to go inside and keep the blinds up; ‘cause he can’t bear to let people see he has got any inside passengers.”

“ Thank you for your consideration,” said Saville, “ but I prefer staying away.”

“ Perhaps you’d like to take a day’s fishing till dinner-time, Sir ?” said Rattew. “ We can get you a comfortable punt, with a nice easy arm-chair in it, and my missis would lend you an umbrella, and we’d send down a basket with a few sandwiches and something to drink ;

and under the bulrushes in the mud just by the bridge, you might sit as snug as a bug in a rug all day long, and perhaps catch summut afore you comed in at night."

"No, I am obliged to you," replied the distracted lover, not a little amused at the description of "sport made easy," after the Rat-tew fashion, "I prefer doing nothing."

"Oh, well, Sir, so long as you won't be dull."

"Not I—so good-night—I shall breakfast about ten, and"——

"When shall I send your servant to you?"

"I have already given him his orders," said Saville; and having so said, began to mount the minute stair-case which led to his compact sleeping room, destined that night to be the scene of much meditation, many waking thoughts, and a few feverish dreams.

Long before nine o'clock, Chertsey was all alive; groups of pretty girls, dressed in their best, were seen either standing at doors, or peering from windows. Carriages of all descriptions were rolling through its lengthened street; and Saville

was anxiously waiting the arrival of Twigg, at least an hour before he made his appearance. It was not even then without a struggle, that Charles acceded to his servant's suggestion of staying from the heath. Independently of the almost certainty of being near his Harriet, of seeing her smile, perhaps hearing the melody of her voice, he had a worldly feeling of inclination to go to the races.

There are about Ascot a charm and interest created almost unconsciously, which give the annual meeting there, a character totally distinct from that of any other races in the empire. Newmarket, as a place of business, of course transcends it; Epsom, for horses, and crowd, and bustle, far surpasses it; but there are in all the accessories of Ascot, a grace and beauty which every where else are wanting.

The being brought into contact with the Sovereign upon a footing of equality, has much to do with this feeling, as far as the multitude is concerned; they see the King in the enjoyment of the amusement of which they are themselves

partaking: there is a fellowship of feeling, a community of interest in this, which is gratifying to those, who have, perhaps, no other opportunity of beholding the Monarch in his private circle, and in moments of unstately leisure. Add to the complacency which this association confers, the very circumstance of His approach with all His brilliant *cortège*, the well-appointed carriages, rolling noiselessly along the velvet turf, surrounded by innumerable gaily-dressed servants, mounted on the finest horses,—the party itself combining the greatest and most distinguished of our fellow-subjects,—passing to its destination, amidst the cheers of the people; —Add to this again, that the scene is adorned and beautified by the presence of thousands of the loveliest women in the world, who here promenade the course between the races; and who shall wonder that even *he*, whose heart was fixed on one alone, should have felt some slight regret at not mingling with that *one*, in an assembly so graced, so glorified.

Still, however, with all these feelings full and

strong upon him, Charles felt conscious that the advice of the sagacious Twigg was to be implicitly followed; and although he sighed to relinquish so much gratification as his meeting with Harriet could not fail to produce, he did not flinch from his purpose of abandoning the expedition, which, however agreeable in its immediate results, might produce the eventual overthrow of all his future hopes.

Twigg was charmed to find his master so firm in his resolution, and having again urged the subject of the *billet doux*, succeeded at length in procuring from Saville such a note as must require, and would, in all probability, obtain an answer; the procuring which answer Twigg clearly foresaw would compel him to make another visit to the lodge, and so obtain another interview with his dearly-beloved Miss Johnstone. The note announced Saville's proximity to Harriet, and his unconquerable desire to say farewell, and hear one last adieu from her own sweet lips, leaving to fate and Miss Johnstone the arrangement,—if it were practicable, and his

adored girl would consent to it—of a melancholy yet painfully satisfactory interview with which their acquaintance was to terminate.

It was not without much consideration, and some difficulty, that Saville prevailed upon himself to take this step ; for although, as we have already stated, he was not yet sufficiently a man of the world to have adopted the doctrine of the agreeable and noble Mephistopheles, of “ never writing a letter to a woman, nor ever destroying one which he had received,” he felt a repugnance to address her, who although dearer to him than life, was actually the affianced bride of another. He had fancied himself into the belief that she was wretched and miserable, and forced to commit Smithism against her will ; but perhaps after all, he might be wrong. His *amour propre* certainly induced him to doubt whether a young lady of Harriet’s standing and understanding,—for the bandage with which Cupid blinds the eyes of his votaries, is long enough to tie over the ears,—could possibly prefer Smith, at sixty-four,

to himself, at twenty-five;—but then she had sunk very tranquilly into her captivity and wretchedness. She had “died and made no sign.” If she really were so persecuted, if she really hated the elderly gentleman, and, above all, if she really loved the young one, why had she given no evidence of her feelings to her disconsolate swain? She might have been too timid; she might have considered it indelicate; she might have fancied it undignified; well, and if she *had*, it was evident that the present attempt to persuade her into the decisive step of an elopement would be fruitless. Yet why? the offer would come from her suitor, whom at the very moment in which he was debating the question, she might consider as having tamely and quietly abandoned *her*;—to be sure she might; the letter in which, for the first time, he had openly declared himself, she had—thanks to the prudence of her mother—never received; so that both of the ardent, dying lovers might, for all that any body knew to the contrary, have

been all this time sympathising in the desire to meet to part no more—either anxiously expecting the advance of the other.

The letter was therefore despatched. Twigg departed; Saville returned to the assembly-room, where more groupes of fresh arrivals were breakfasting at different tables; the wine-merchant's family, with which the stout gentleman with the crutches seemed to have formed an alliance offensive and defensive, now occupying the bay window next the street; the head of the clan being extraordinarily loud in his praises of the excellence of Chertsey bread, and the beauty of the butcher's daughter.

One by one, and two by two, did all these felicity-hunters take their departure: gigs, tilburries, coaches, and cabriolets, all were in motion; and before noon, Saville found himself the sole tenant of the hostelry, save those indeed whose occupations detained them under its roof. The day was a dreary waste to look forward to; neither occupation nor amusement appeared upon the surface of the arid plain; all was flat and dry as

a desert. He walked unconscious alike of the distance and the objects which he passed, until he had paced from his inn to the bridge, in one direction, and to the Rhododendron Walk, at St. Anne's Hill, in the other. Still was Twigg absent; he was, no doubt, occupying his time much more satisfactorily in the society of Miss Johnstone; the poor master was all alone, with "nobody by but himself," but it was not until gentle force had been used by the fair demoiselle in order to get him clear of the house before the family returned from the races, that Twigg made his bow, and bent his way back towards Chertsey, where he arrived to report progress to Saville, just as the advanced guard of the cockneys was entering the town on their return from the sports.

The intelligence Twigg brought was of first-rate importance; and if detailed, as Saville was obliged to hear it, would occupy the greater part of this volume: it will luckily lose nothing by condensation.

It appeared from the evidence of Johnstone,

that Miss Franklin had, during her brief residence in that neighbourhood, been extremely unwell; that disagreements, hitherto unknown, had taken place between her and her mother; that from the observations she had thought proper to make upon these very disagreeable differences to her maid, the maid fancied she had gathered enough of her young lady's inclinations on the subject to be assured that if Saville were to propose an elopement, he would find her "nothing loth;" that the mine was all properly charged, and that nothing but the contact of the match was wanting to explode it; nay, it appeared from what the smart and intelligent *soubrette* hinted, (coloured a little more highly, perhaps, by the anxious Twigg,) that the only disheartening feeling which pervaded the young lady's bosom, originated in the apprehension that the affection of her lover had undergone some serious deterioration, or that his zeal was not of a corresponding character with her own; for, as the reader already knows, Mrs. Franklin had carefully concealed from her daughter any mention

of the letter which Saville had attempted to send, he may easily anticipate that she never told her of her subsequent interview with him, or of the scrape into which he had gotten himself in the ardour of his pursuit of her. As the most minute particulars of the affairs of a family, are always circumstantially related by servants one to another, there can be no doubt that the news of the interview between Saville and Mrs. Franklin, would have reached Miss Johnstone, but for the circumstance of the footman who was at the milliner's door, having been discharged when his mistress left town the next day, and the coachman happening to be a "Job," who quitted his functions at the same period, resigning his temporary mistress's odious blue chariot to the care of posters, with which she hastened to Chertsey, her maid and her butler being the only permanent officers of her personal staff.

There can be no question as to the effect produced upon Charles's mind by the information retailed to him through the medium of the sanguine

Twigg, who interlarded his detail with frequent eulogies of Miss Harriet's beauty, and goodness, and mildness, and sorrow, and affection for his master, convinced in his own mind that his own *Dulcinea* would not for a moment hesitate to follow the example of her mistress, and upon such excellent authority in the way of precedent, unite herself to the squire of the knight, upon whom the fair lady herself was willing to bestow her fair hand.

Saville saw but one course to pursue : it was true he had received no answer to his note ; could receive none until the next day ; and it would be the height of folly to make preparations for flight until sanctioned at least by a gentle refusal on the part of his mistress ; and moreover, it was not practicable at the moment, because post horses, so essential in such cases, could not be procured. But he might have spared himself all the pains which these reflections momentarily caused him, inasmuch as there was a sequel to Twigg's history, which as yet he had not heard :—the whole party, Franklins,

Smith, the aunt, and all, were going the very next morning to the Isle of Wight for a month, previous to the celebration of the marriage between the *young* folks.

This was conclusive; and Saville's anger with his man for not having come to this deciding incident in the history, at first, had nearly proved fatal to his further connexion with Twigg, who, however, excused himself upon the plea of keeping up the interest, and expressing his conviction, that if his master had heard of their approaching departure, in the first instance, he would not have listened patiently to the development of Miss Franklin's true love, evidence of which he believed himself most satisfactorily to have adduced.

Twigg, however, contrived to redeem himself in his master's good opinion, by making him understand that he had arranged to see Miss Johnstone early in the morning before the departure of the family, in order to receive from her whatever answer, if any, her young mistress might choose to send. This pacified Saville, who,

however, declaring himself incapable of enduring another evening in the assembly-room, and another morning in the street, resolved to put himself into the stage-coach and return to town, where Twigg was to join him, Rattew undertaking to send back his carriage to the coach-makers, the moment he had a pair of horses disengaged. Thus the first part of the expedition might have been considered a failure, if he had not anticipated such a reply from Miss Franklin as might, perhaps, have the effect of continuing the action, only changing the *venue*.

Under this arrangement Saville reached his lodgings in London the same evening, at which Twigg was to arrive the following afternoon.

CHAPTER VII.

NOTHING is read by a protestant, especially a protestant woman, with greater interest than the details connected with the ceremony of taking the veil. Pratt, an author of great merit in his day, but now nearly forgotten, was one of the earliest if not the first, who, mingling fact with fiction, gave an account of the proceedings at one of these European suttees. Many other writers have followed in the same track, and none of them have failed to attract and engage the attention of the reader. No wonder; there is in the nature of the ceremony, in its details, in the occasion, in the consequences, something seriously touching; the lengthened processions moving slowly along the dimly-lighted aisles,

the deep-toned organ, the swelling choir, the wafted incense, the weeping friends, the sympathising spectators ; all these accessories are sure to effect the object for which they are thus combined.

If such an immolation then be really matter of stirring interest, something better than indifference may be claimed for poor Harriet Franklin ; true it is, that she was not destined to crop her hair, and casting away her jewels with disdain, assume a veil ; nor was she to be buried in a cell, with an iron-bedstead and one chair by way of furniture ; nor was she absolutely to renounce the society of all her early friends and acquaintance ; but it is equally true that she was about to be married to an elderly gentleman in despite of her feelings and inclinations, and give up one, who, as it appeared, was more to *her* than a crowd of worldly associates.

Those, and there are some, but in these days very few, who have not had the advantage of “foreign travel,” and who have formed their notions of a conventual life upon what they

have seen in the nunneries of Essex, Middlesex, or Warwickshire, can form but a very faint opinion of the continental establishments of a similar nature. In England, a few strange-looking old bodies in black gowns, with a plump confessor, "*bien poudré*," smart, smug, and smirking, huddled round the outside edge of a low roofed parlour, with no high walls to bound their view, and no rigid ordinances to restrain their harmless conversation, look all mighty snug and comfortable; but far different is the position of the closely immured girl who, compelled by the imperious commands of a bigoted parent, is doomed to eternal solitude and sorrow. It was to this last victim, that poor Harriet bore the strongest resemblance; nor was the positive command of her mother to marry Smith less cruel—perhaps, taking all things into consideration it was more so—than the decree which would consign the innocent novice to her premature grave.

Oh! it was sad to see the once lively, laughing Harriet, reduced in so short a space of time to melancholy and mourning, her rosy cheeks

blanched and her bright eyes dim ; and to watch the innocent attentions of her doting suitor, and listen to his observations and remarks. The man had from his youth been ignorant of all things, save in the particular of expertness in book-keeping by “double-entry,” and money-gathering by any entry through which it would come. Like Nelson on his quarter-deck, he was mighty in his counting-house, but out of that sphere of action, he possessed every quality to justify the nickname which we have already mentioned was bestowed upon him, of Twaddle Smith.

He had however a fine house in a fine street, and he had fine pictures, for Segueir honoured him with his notice. He had a splendid library, for what is a merchant without his books ? He had plate, and carriages, and horses, and wines ; and although on the stock-exchange, which is represented to the uninitiated as the mart of fun as well as of funds, he had been *be-twaddled* by general consent, yet in society, to which his golden key was as sure a passport as that of an

Imperial chamberlain, he was called “a good creature”—“a well meaning, kind-hearted man,” and above all, “so very quiet and gentlemanly.” He had, moreover, besides his actual wealth, another recommendation to the men of certain sets in which he mingled; he was remarkably fond of whist—played particularly ill—backed himself highly—and always paid his bets “prompt.”

“My dear Harriet,” said Mrs. Franklin to her daughter, only a day or two before the Ascot meeting, “I must insist upon your shaking off this sort of apathetic indifference to every thing around you, which you either feel or affect; what must Mr. Smith think of your gravity, and your sighs, and even tears, which, if he is not as blind as a beetle, he must occasionally see?”

“Can I command my feelings?” said her daughter. “I have in all things obeyed you; have met your wishes in direct opposition to my own. It is not in my power entirely to check the natural impulses of my heart.”

“ You ought to be the happiest girl in England.”

“ Would I could think so,” said Harriet.

“ You do not think so,” replied her mother, “ because you have established some romantic ideas in your mind, which the most favourable events could never realize. You have already rejected a viscount and a baronet, because you did not like them, and they did not suit——”

“ And surely, Mamma,” said Miss Franklin, interrupting her voluble and somewhat irritated parent, “ there could have been no better reason, even were the fact as you have set it down. That I most certainly should not have accepted either Lord Pertwood, or Sir Harry Fitch, is most true, supposing they had given me the opportunity of refusing them, but they never did me the honour of making me any offer that I heard of.”

“ Offer !” said Mrs. Franklin, “ of course not ; why should men propose with the certainty of being rejected ? You took the greatest possible

pains to display your sentiments towards both of them."

"I am not aware of that," said Harriet.

"*They* were," answered her mother. "A lover, however blind to every thing else, is peculiarly sensitive as to the manner of the lady to whom he is paying his addresses; the least taunt—a look—a word"——

"Well, then," said Harriet, smiling, "if both these lovers of mine, as you call them, were driven away by my manner,—and I am unconscious of having done any thing which ought to displease them,—it only proves the sincerity of my disposition, and the singleness of my character."

"Conscious, Harriet!" exclaimed Mrs. Franklin; "what earthly object had you in making a fool of young Saville, by devoting yourself to his conversation when they were present, listening to his singing, and poring over his drawings? You never could have had any serious view in such behaviour, unless to declare, in the most convincing manner, not only your indiffer-

ence towards them, but your partiality for him."

"That again," said Harriet, colouring a *little*, "proves my sincerity. It never struck me that I showed any special favour, or paid any particular attention to Mr. Saville. I dare say I did, if it appeared so to you, because I really felt the greatest pleasure in his society. I admired his talents, and I enjoyed his conversation; yet I think you must have been more observant of my partialities than he was; for, like the viscount and the baronet, whom you represent me to have *chasséed* for his sake, Mr. Saville made good his retreat upon the approach of a rival, and like them spared me—or rather you—the pain of a refusal."

"Me! my dear child," said the mother, feeling herself look confused and agitated by the consciousness that Saville had actually made a declaration and proposal, which she had intercepted and returned. "Me! not only me—but you; surely, however pleasant Mr. Saville may be as a companion or an acquaintance, he would be

any thing but desirable as a connexion. These talking, and drawing, and singing men are all mighty well in society, but a woman in settling for life, wants something more than a pun, a pencil, and a piano-forte."

"And yet," said Harriet, shaking her head, and affecting to look judicially grave at her mother, "you—yes, you, my dear mother, married for love yourself, in defiance of my excellent and exemplary grandfather and grandmother."

"Ah!" answered Mrs. Franklin, rather staggered by the attack, "ah! that's quite another thing—where there is a powerful feeling of attachment—and—so—I—"

"Spare yourself, my dear mother," said Harriet; "I presume neither to arraign your conduct, nor justify my own rebellion by your example. Whatever my feelings *were*, they are conquered; whatever my scruples, they are overcome; but they will still occasionally flash into my mind; and when the recollection of other days, and of the prospects which I thought those

days presaged, occur, some few natural tears will fall, but they shall be dried. All that is wanting to reconcile me to what I know you think best for me, is time. The bitterest afflictions are conquered by time; and it will be hard if I, who am about to form a connexion, which you tell me, is the envy of all my unmarried acquaintance, am not able to overcome regrets which I ought now most certainly not to cherish, and which, perhaps, after all, have been erroneously excited."

The truth is, that the grief and sorrow of Harriet were of a two-fold character: giving up Saville was one cause of wretchedness; marrying Smith was another and a greater one; but the most poignant of all was the belief that Charles had deceived, and then deserted her. He certainly, perhaps as unconsciously as herself, had taught her to fancy that he loved, and yet from the instant that so questionable a rival as Smith appeared, he had withdrawn without one effort to rescue her from that respectable dragon, and without having given her the option of

refusing or accepting him. She little thought what Saville's sufferings had been; she could not guess at the cruel duplicity of her mother; she attributed his silence and absence either to neglect, or perhaps disgust, excited by what, if he thought at all about her, he must have considered her ready acceptance of her now intended husband.

She had accepted him; but it was a conditional acceptance: she had demanded time before she surrendered; that time elapsed, and no Saville appeared. The election was to be made; he still kept away; and, at the very moment when his efforts should have been the most energetic, he came not—wrote not—as she thought; and, actuated by the influence of her elderly lover, and the authority of her anxious parent, she arrived at the conclusion which was eternally to separate her from the only man who had ever excited an interest or affection in her heart.

The *tête-à-tête* of Mrs. Franklin and her daughter was broken up by the arrival of Mr.

Smith, who, in spite of all the dim-sightedness of age, occasionally caught a glimpse or two of his unpopularity in the family. To this he was magnanimously callous ; it was his will and pleasure to have a young and handsome wife, and Harriet's mother was evidently disposed to gratify his inclination that way ; upon him, therefore, any looks or sighs, or tears, even of his intended, however much they might convince him of her real feelings towards him, produced but little effect ; he looked upon the whole affair as a transaction in which, for valuable considerations on either side, a bargain had been struck, and he went on making preparations for the marriage ceremony as he would for any other ordinary event.

The honeymoon, and five or six moons more, as he proposed, were to be passed in continental travelling ; he had hitherto visited only France and Italy, and somebody had suggested that an extended excursion through Europe, alone was wanting to complete his education ; he therefore determined to see every thing that the Continent

could show, as fast as he possibly could; and what would be pleasanter than pursuing his gratifying researches in the society of a young and accomplished wife. Harriet objected to nothing that was proposed, and even if she had made a choice, the excursion was rather preferable to remaining in the same scenes and the same society which she had enjoyed before her marriage. To *him*, such a companion was every thing; she spoke two or three of the continental languages fluently, of which he himself had not the slightest knowledge; these, in his capacity of guardian, he had made a point of her acquiring, and now felt the importance of reaping the harvest which himself had sown.

Little amusement and less information would be afforded to the reader by the details of conversations such as those, in which the family party indulged during the sojourn at Chertsey. Mr. Smith had grown particularly good-tempered within the last few days, in consequence of having let his house in London for six months, at a most advantageous rate. It would just

suit for the time they were to be absent; and besides pocketing five-and-twenty guineas a week—which to a man of his extensive wealth, was a matter of infinitely greater interest than it would have been to the less opulent Mrs. Franklin, or any body of her grade—the rooms would be kept aired, and the furniture in order till their return, and he might disband his domestic establishment, retaining only his own man, who with an ambi-dexterity highly valuable to an economist of Mr. Smith's disposition, performed the double character of valet and butler.

Smith always declared that more fortunes were saved than made; and although, perhaps, he had not, like some of his wealthy contemporaries, the prospect of the parish poor-house constantly before his eyes, he certainly appeared to take the most anxious precautions to avoid the possibility of outliving his income. Indeed, the evidences of his parsimonious character, which were discernible from the proceedings of the last fortnight of their acquaintance, had not tended to increase the affection of Harriet for

her betrothed, however much they might have added to her respect for his prudence and forethought.

In this state were affairs when Harriet returned from Ascot Heath, tired and jaded, and worried, and even disappointed—disappointed too, because, although she had gazed and looked, and looked and gazed in every direction, she had not seen Charles Saville; having strangely, and even improperly, as her maiden aunt would have thought, anticipated that he would be there. Yet why?—if he knew where she was, he certainly would not seek that neighbourhood, after having so evidently relinquished all intention of bringing their ill-fated acquaintance to a happy conclusion; and if he knew nothing about her present residence, which was most probable, why should he visit Ascot?—Why should he not?—all the world went to Ascot; why not Charles Saville? All these questions Harriet had asked herself, and had answered them all, so as at the conclusion of the colloquy to have wound herself up into a hope that he might be there, and there-

fore, as the reader must be told, *coute qui coute*, she came back disappointed that he was not.

This was not the sort of feeling which should have actuated a young lady within a month of her marriage to another man; but whether it were or were not, the reader may easily anticipate how a note from the regretted object which had excited it, was received, and how awfully agreeable to the young bride elect was the sight of the hand-writing of the rejected lover, just at the moment of her enlightenment upon the subject of his feeling towards her, with the whole history of which she was at this juncture favoured by her maid. That she had now for the first time discovered that he *had been* rejected, diminished neither the pain which she derived from the intelligence, nor the vexation—it might almost be called anger—which was excited in her breast by the exposure of her mother's mistaken duplicity, as related to the suppression of his declaration and proposal.

Harriet, in the first instance, received Saville's *billet* from the all-accomplished Miss Johnstone,

without knowing what it was, or whence it came; the experienced *soubrette* was too great an artist in her particular line, and understood her *metier* much too well to subject the question of opening a letter from Mr. Saville to Miss Franklin's discussion; she did not humanely warn her young lady of the trap that was set for her; and she knew enough of her sex to be quite assured that if her principle were once compromised, and the seal once broken, the letter would be read. It is necessary that the reader should be put into possession of this fact, in order that my heroine should be exempt from the reproach which many of the elderly Dianas of society would, no doubt, be inclined to cast upon her for her want of delicacy,—or what they talk about quite as much, and think about, perhaps, a little more,—her want of dignity in opening a note addressed to her by a faithless lover, as she supposed Charles to be; or indeed a lover of any sort, while she was actually under an engagement, and on the eve of bestowing herself upon another.

“Is it possible!” said Harriet, still holding the note in her trembling hand, her heart palpitating rapidly, and her eyes filling with tears. “Can my mother have betrayed me so cruelly? Had the letter of which he speaks ever reached me, although it might have made no serious alteration in the resolution to which I came, of acting according to my mother’s wishes, I should at least, have had the merit of making a sacrifice to duty; and I should have done so with comparative happiness, if I had known that I had not lost the esteem of so dear a friend as Charles. But this I cannot bear! to be cheated into obedience, when I was ready to submit to all she wished; to be blinded, duped, and even taught, carefully taught, to banish Charles from my memory, not upon principle, but upon the low and petty feeling of retaliation—because he had forgotten *me*, is more than even I can endure.”

“Why,” added she, addressing her maid, who stood near at hand, to watch the working of the subtle poison which she had administered, “why

did I not know this before?—why do I know it now?”

“Why, Ma’am,” said Johnstone, “I’m sure I never had the least suspicion of Mr. Saville’s intentions, only what I could pick up from Mr. Twigg; and I’m sure, if you’ll believe me, I thought I felt my heart up in my mouth when I saw him here this morning.”

“I certainly should like to see Mr. Saville,” said Harriet, “if it were only for five minutes, to exculpate myself from the imputation of heartlessness, of which he must so naturally consider me guilty.”

“Why, yes, Miss,” said Johnstone, “that’s very natural; but don’t you think he deserves something more than a mere farewell?”

“How do you mean?” said Harriet.

“Why, Miss,” replied Johnstone, “I mean—nothing particular—only that I don’t think if *I* were *you* I should have the heart to send him away.”

“I don’t comprehend,” said the young lady,

“I don’t in the least comprehend what you would do. To-morrow morning we leave this, for the Isle of Wight, and this day month is fixed for my marriage.”

“Why, certainly, Miss,” said Johnstone, “as to the Isle of Wight, and the journey to-morrow, there is no getting off those; but for the marriage, I am sure if I had such a sweetheart as Mr. Saville, ready to fly to my arms, I could not make up my mind to give him up for such an old——”

“Pray be quiet, Johnstone,” interrupted her young lady, “recollect that I *have* made up my mind.”

“But why, Miss?” said the maid. “You have made up your mind to marry Mr. Smith, half out of spite, because you thought Mr. Saville had behaved ungenteelly; and now here, poor dear gentleman, he tells you all the truth. I am sure, if I were you, I would take my mind to pieces again, as I had made it up, and show them the difference.”

“How?”

“How?” said Johnstone, “leave me alone for settling *that*;—why, by giving the slip and running away.”

“Good heavens! what a suggestion!” said Harriet—not, however, in so angry a tone as some people might have expected—“What could have put such a thing into your head?”

“Why, Miss, I believe,” replied Johnstone, “it was your telling me that your Mamma ran away with her first husband, and——”

“Aye—yes,” said Harriet, “so she did.”

“And to avoid a match she disliked, I think you said.”

“True—but then——”

“What, Miss?”

“Nobody can be more convinced of the rashness, and indelicacy, and imprudence of such an act, than Mamma herself.”

“Aye” said Johnstone, “it is part of her duty as a parent to say so, but don’t the best books tell us that practice is before precept, and better than preaching;—she would not be seriously angry for long.”

“ Her case, if you mean that,” said Harriet, “ was totally different from mine. But why do I permit myself to entertain such a subject for a moment ?”

“ Because you cannot help it, Miss.”

“ But I *will* help it, Johnstone ; am I not pledged ?”

“ If it is merely a question of time, Miss,” said Johnstone, “ I don’t think it signifies the value of an old gown. Do you love Mr. Smith ?”

“ No,” said Harriet, sharply, “ not as I ought.”

“ Why marry him ?”

“ My mother wishes it—desires it—orders it—and I have consented.”

“ Her mother wished *her* to marry a man she did not love ; and desired it—and ordered it—and what did she do ?” said Johnstone, “ jumped out of a one pair of stairs window, and ran away with the man she *did* love.”

“ As I shall most assuredly *not* do,” said Harriet ; “ my word is given, my faith is plighted.”

“ And when you gave your word and plighted your faith,” said Johnstone ; “ did you or did

you not believe that Mr. Saville had given you up?"

Harriet sighed.

"And who made you think so, Miss, but your Ma?" continued the maid. "She it was that took Mr. Saville's offer of his hand and heart, and crumpled it up and poked it into her bag, and never said a word about it to you—good, bad, or indifferent."

"That is true," said Harriet.

"Well, then, I am sure," said Johnstone, "that one single thing puts an end to all obligations from you to your Ma. What I says is this—trust me, and I'll never deceive you—play me false, and I'll show you I am as good as my neighbour at the game."

"I conclude my mother thought it best to conceal the offer from me," said Harriet.

"Well, then, Miss, if she thought it best to conceal the offer from you, it shows she must know you don't like the old fogey."

"Johnstone," said Miss Franklin, "do you recollect of whom you speak?"

“ I do, Miss ; of a very worthy old gentleman, with a very good fortune, of which he is extremely fond and vain ; but no more fit for your husband ”—

“ Come,” said Harriet, “ end these remarks ; even if I could properly or correctly listen to such language, I have no time : I am waited for in the drawing-room, so tell me at once, is Mr. Saville’s servant gone ? ”

“ He is, but he will be here again before any body is stirring in the morning. I have promised your answer.”

“ I can send no answer,” said Harriet. “ What could I say ? ”

“ Very little will do, of *that* I am quite sure,” said Johnstone ; “ do not forbid him to hope—let him see you once.”

“ But even if I *did* wish to see him,” said Harriet, thoughtfully, “ I could not.”

The moment Harriet uttered these words, the acute Johnstone felt that she had triumphed ; the main objection was overcome. The seeing or not seeing him, ceased now to be a matter of

principle, and had resolved itself into a question of time, and—which seemed still more difficult—opportunity.

“ Oh ! Miss,” said Johnstone, “ I’ll answer for your being able to see Mr. Saville; we are to be a month at the Isle of Wight—where is the difficulty ?”

“ No,” said Harriet; “ I dare say the difficulty might be overcome—but—no, no—it is impossible—there would be such duplicity in it. What on earth should I do if my mother were to speak of him, or allude to him, and I felt conscious that I had seen him since she had ?”

“ If things turn out as I hope, Miss,” said Johnstone, “ I don’t think you would see much of your Ma after you had seen Mr. Saville, until you appeared before her with him as your husband.”

“ Oh ! ridiculous,” said Miss Franklin; “ as if it were possible to break off with Mr. Smith, even if I desired it; every thing is prepared for the marriage and for our journey afterwards; my clothes and jewels are all ordered and nearly ready.”

“What signifies, Miss?” said Johnstone; “Mr. Smith is too good a manager to lose by that; besides, if he had the generosity of a gentleman, when he found you had married the man of your choice, he would make you a present of all the wedding-clothes; and as for the jewels—pooh—what is the value of a long suit of diamonds in a game where hearts are trumps?”

“Rely upon it, Johnstone,” said Harriet, “that I am not actuated by any great envy of wealth in this connexion; they did not catch me as they do birds by dazzling. I can see plainly and clearly, and I know I shall be miserable for the rest of my life, as well as any of the indifferent lookers on; but my pride was hurt by Charles’s apparent negligence; his silence left me no defence for what I could not have considered any thing short of disobedience, and mingled duty and resentment, I am ashamed to say, led me to consent.”

“Well then, Miss,” said Johnstone, “since your Ma has so bitterly deceived you, you should let resentment lead you to fulfil your first inten-

tion, and reward the ill-used, constant Mr. Saville with your hand."

"I tell you it is nonsense to talk of such a thing," said Harriet; "the idea of running away with one lover a month before my proposed marriage to another!"

"Better by half do that, Miss," said Johnstone, "than run away a month after, which I'm sure you'll just be ready to do if you——"

Here a knocking at the dressing-room door attracted Miss Johnstone's attention; it proved to be the summons of the domestic black-rod to coffee, which was announced to be ready; and Harriet hurried down stairs, not, however, without promising Johnstone that she should have some decisive answer for the enterprising Twigg on his arrival in the morning.

Johnstone, who was an adept in what in better society is called *finesse*, but who, spite of all her overstrained education and fine language, got credit for nothing better than cunning, congratulated herself, and not without reason, upon the tone she had assumed, and the line she had

adopted, in pleading the cause of Saville with her young lady. She found her unassailable where mere self-gratification, at the expense either of her “dignity,” or her filial duty was the object; these she had resolved to support and maintain, even to the annihilation of all her best and dearest hopes of future happiness; but the moment the pleader made her sensible that she had been cheated into compliance with her mother’s wishes by a trick, by the suppression of a confidential communication, the case was altered: not only did she then feel that she had been treated like a child, and duped and trifled with, but she recalled to her mind all that she imagined Charles must have felt regarding her apparent contemptuous neglect of him; for she was of course not aware that her mother had herself confessed to him her interception of his letter, and the concealment of its contents. Johnstone, in truth, had piqued her—wounded her pride, and excited a spirit, which, during the wakeful restlessness of the night, prompted her—not to write to Saville, but to do—what, in fact, if less indelicate, was assuredly

more dangerous—permit *her* maid to enter into such a negociation with *his* man, as might produce an interview between them previous to her marriage, in which she might vindicate her own conduct, and bid farewell for ever to a being, of whose importance to her happiness, she had no just idea, until she had been deprived of his society.

The delegation of power to weak or vulgar minds, is at all times perilous and imprudent. The necessities of society, which invest the tax-gatherer or the toll-taker with personal authority, are great and flagrant evils, the obvious results of which are impertinence of manner, coarseness of language, and an unqualified disposition to tyrannize. It is recorded somewhere, that an eminent brewer, now no more, finding himself universally despised in all companies with which he mingled, his facts doubted, his arguments refuted, his opinions ridiculed, and his capacity questioned, enjoyed a pleasurable counterpoise for the miseries of his insignificance, in walking forth into the yard of his brew-house, and kicking the

pigs that were feeding on the grains. It was a triumph to his little mind to tyrannize over something that had breath and life. Harriet, when she appointed Johnstone her minister plenipotentiary and extraordinary—extraordinary indeed! did not foresee the vast accumulation of power which she surrendered by so doing. That her scruples about writing were just and proper, no one can for a moment doubt; but it is questionable whether the justice and propriety of her resolutions upon that point, were not altogether compromised by the equivocal course she had actually chosen to adopt. The qualification of the sin of writing by the weakness of a personal communication, is not very unlike the contemptible distinction made by a well-known puritanical parson, between the delicacy of a young lady who sang with her back to the company, and the impropriety of her, who did the same thing, facing it.

So it was, however, and there could be little doubt that in the matinal meeting between Twigg and the fair object of all his hopes and

anxieties, enough was said by the amiable *diplo-mate*, to justify the conclusions at which her companion very speedily arrived.

The reader may easily picture to himself the feverish state of anxiety in which Charles Saville remained in London, until the arrival of his minister, by whose hand he expected such important despatches. He lived, however, to be disappointed in that particular, but gratified by the appearance of the faithful Twigg, who reached town just about the period at which the Isle of Wight travellers were eating their luncheon, at the sign of many quarterings, at Murrell Green.

“ Well !” exclaimed Saville, as he entered the room, “ what answer ?”

“ None, Sir,” said Twigg.

“ Not a line ?”

“ Not a scratch.”

“ Are they gone ?”

“ Gone, Sir,” said Twigg.

“ And no answer to my note ?”

“ No ; Miss would not write, Sir,” said Twigg.

“That’s strange!” said Saville.

“Very, Sir,” said Twigg; “I wish you had been there this morning, instead of here.”

“Why?”

“Because Miss Franklin would have seen you, Sir.”

“How do you know?”

“She said so.”

“That,” said Saville, “is tolerably good authority.”

“Very, Sir.”

“Did you see her?”

“No,” said Twigg, “but Miss Johnstone told me all about it—that her young lady would not write; she said she could not write—that I s’pose is her way of excusing herself—she said she could not write, but if”——

“What?”

“If you choose to go down quietly to Cowes, where they are to stay, she will endeavour to see you, and bid you good bye.”

“And is that all?” said Saville; “meet to part—that’s sad work.”

“Very, Sir,” said Twigg; “but I have a notion that if you mind your P’s and Q’s, as I mean to mind mine with Miss J.—that is, with your permission, Sir—you need not part at all. I think, from all I know, that the day is your own; and that even now she would take a long run to get away from Smith.”

“What! at the eleventh hour?” said Saville.

“Why,” replied Twigg, “we have not come to such close calculations as to fix the hour yet, but very nigh it, Sir. She’ll go?”

“Do you really believe so?” said Saville.

“I do, Sir,” said the servant, “and she has said as much. You can’t expect a horse to come to corn without shaking the sieve a bit; and I reckon she may want a bit of pressing; or rather I should say encouraging—she can’t bear the old one, and is dying for love of you.”

“Is this the opinion of Miss Johnstone?” said Saville.

“She knows it, Sir; she is her considerate in the whole affair.”

“Confederate?”

“ Yes, Sir, all the same, that’s it,” said Twigg ; “ and she commissioned her to commission me to make the same known to you in any way I thought most properest.”

“ That is good news, Twigg.”

“ Very, Sir,” replied Twigg ; “ and so I took the liberty of meeting Miss Johnstone half-way in the matter of arrangements ; for as Miss Franklin had appointed her minister penitentiary on one side, I thought it was right for me to appoint myself minister penitentiary on the other.”

“ You seem to have a very just idea, Twigg,” said Saville, “ of the dignity of your principal ; I suppose you picked up this quality in the service of your late master ?”

“ I got a smattering there, Sir,” said Twigg, looking rather shy ; “ one ought, you know, Sir, to live and learn ; and no better school of course than a cabinet minister’s stable. I assure you, Sir, though I say it, my Lord more than once, when he’s been a looking at the horses, afore he went down to Downing-street, has asked me

what I thought of things in Portugal, and Turkey, and them sort of outlandish places, and regular as could be I've noticed in the newspapers that he did whatsumever I advised."

"I delight in your adroitness—go on."

"So I fixed, Sir," said Twigg, "that we should go down upon the sly to Portsmouth, in two or three days; put ourselves up at the Quebec Hotel, where nobody will see us; pop over in the Ryde steamer in the afternoon, and so reach Cowes in the dusk. The time Miss will meet you will be when she goes out in the morning as if she was going to bathe, and takes Johnstone along with her. Miss J. and I have settled where she is to turn off up the hill towards Northwood, and, for that morning, take a stroll instead of a dip. You will have half an hour for conversation; and I and Miss J. will play propriety, and, like good seconds, follow the example of our principals."

"The notion is good," said Saville, "and practicable."

“Very, Sir,” said Twigg; “I know every inch of my ground, and I’ll answer for the ease, safety, and security of the meeting—the rest I must leave to you.”

“You have done wonders, Twigg,” said Saville, “and when shall we go?”

“Oh, the sooner the better, Sir,” said Twigg, “I cannot bear to think of the poor young lady’s sufferings under the courtship of that old fogey, as Miss J. calls him. I saw him out on one of the gravel walks this very morning, when he little thought who was so near him, trying all he could to make himself insinivating, Sir. It’s quite shocking to look at.”

“It is an intricate web in which she has got entangled,” said Saville.

“Very,” said Twigg, “and to keep up the meteor, as my Lord used to say, old Smith is the spider what paws and mumbles her, just like an innocent fly—and I’m sure she’ll die of him, just like the fly, if we don’t rescue her.”

“But, Twigg,” said Saville, “I see no encouragement to hope for more than this transient

meeting; there is no hint—no allusion—nothing prospective as to her going off.”

“Never you mind, Sir,” said Twigg; “you can’t expect a young lady to jump down your throat, if you won’t open your mouth. She’s in love with you, and hates Smith,—that’s one good thing; she’s unhappy where she is, and would be happy with you,—that’s another good thing; but the best thing of all is, that she is as savage as can be with her Ma, as she calls her; and Miss J. has put it into her head that turn-about is all fair play, and that as Ma cheated *her*, she may cheat Ma, and so play tit for tat without committing the slightest impropriety.”

“It matters little, as far as our visit is concerned,” said Saville, “what may be our ulterior proceeding; we will not lose a moment in preparing for our expedition to Portsmouth. How are we to go?”

“Per Rocket, Sir,” said Twigg, “‘Faulkner’s four’—that’s the surest way—steady pace—up hill and down hill, and round the Devil’s Punch Bowl all at the same pat.”

“ Well, all the arrangements I leave to you ; and the day after to-morrow we go.”

“ Aye, aye, Sir,” said Twigg ; “ rely upon me ; you have not another word to say, nor another order to give till you find yourself in the bow-window of the *Quebec*.”

“ Why there ?”

“ Close to the packets, and away from every thing else, Sir,” said Twigg ; “ and if we should have to sleep there, you won’t mind for one night, whether the beds are——”

“ Oh, not I,” said Saville, “ you have your reasons,—no doubt they are good, so do exactly as you please.”

With these extensive instructions, Twigg, who saw in the approaching elopement of Harriet Franklin with his master, the precedent and gratification of his own union with “ Miss J.” departed to make the requisite preparations for the start, leaving Charles overwhelmed by a multitude of conflicting hopes and fears, doubts and distresses.

Amongst the gloomy feelings which afflicted

him, few were more remorseful than those excited by the recollection of the base injustice of which he had been guilty towards the character and attributes of his adored Harriet, in fancying it possible—even in the haste and blindness of love—that she could have been the contriver of a Portland-place assignation, and the authoress of the note suggesting their meeting. She, the sensitive, delicate girl, who now, at a moment when her happiness or misery was depending; when her feelings were harassed, and her indignation roused, could not prevail upon herself to write one line to the man for whom she admitted the warmest esteem, and upon whom, consequently, she must have the most implicit reliance. But it was now no time to reflect upon former indiscretions or by-gone follies; the future alone was to be looked to. He was about to incur, if she granted his prayer, the weighty responsibility from which he had before felt it a duty to shrink; he was on the eve of inducing an innocent girl to take a step, her mother's opinion of which he already knew; he

was about to withdraw her from competence and comfort, to partake of his hazardous and precarious means of existence. But what of that?—they loved; and as she had already expressed her detestation of a marriage made for money, it was not unreasonable to expect that she had made up her mind to the extreme alternative of taking a husband who had none.

It was in vain that Saville endeavoured to collect and concentrate his scattered thoughts during a long day and evening in the society of his exemplary friend Alvingham, and the family of his betrothed: his absence of manner, his unconsciousness of passing events, were noticed, and even joked upon, by his better-fated companion; but neither malice nor jest could provoke or entice him into a second confidence with the young priest, for whose want of sentiment and unqualified happiness at that period he felt the most sovereign contempt. It may appear that such a feeling was a somewhat extraordinary return for the kindness and hospitality which Alvingham had uniformly exhibited towards him; but

as every body knows, with a man in love all absurdities are reconciled, antipathies are transformed into affinities, extremes meet, and opposites assimilate. Saville, who had, on his first introduction to the Simpsons, been considered by the whole family as extremely agreeable, was nevertheless pronounced a bore, and the question heretofore so cordially asked, of "When shall we see you again?" was purposely omitted by the head of the family, in the ceremonial of parting. Saville did not notice the omission, which shared the fate of every thing not immediately connected with the expedition he was about to undertake, and returned to town to pass the next day in completing all the preparations necessary for its execution.

CHAPTER VIII.

BRIGHT beamed the morning of Saville's start for Portsmouth; and fortunate would it be for me were the scene of his departure more romantic than truth compels me to admit that it was. There is nothing to be found in strict accordance with the feelings of a love-sick heart at the door of the Gloucester Coffee House, in Piccadilly, nor any sound responsive to the plaintive sigh, in the hoarse bawling of the porters, or the more eloquent appeals of the canvassing cads of the short stages, borne on the eastern breezes from the neighbouring White Horse cellar.

Twigg had arranged every thing so that his master should have neither need of trouble, nor time for deliberation. He had booked him for

the inside, not because he considered it the more convenient or pleasant position, but because he anticipated that his own disposition for research, and talent for conversation, might be in some degree restrained by the presence of his immediate superior, on the roof. To those who are regardless of dust, rain, and heat, and to whom broken legs and arms are every day incidents, the outside of a coach is, no doubt, more agreeable than the inside; but to those who were born when the insides of carriages were considered the better places, and in which a man is secured against the sudden and frequent changes of our extraordinary climate, the right hand corner facing the horses seems to be no uncomfortable position. In such a corner was Saville deposited, when the Rocket darted forwards on the high road to Portsmouth.

And what road is fuller of interest to thousands of our fellow-subjects. It is one of the great paths of our nation which leads the anxious merchant to his foreign store, the seaman to his fearful trade, and on which the devoted lover

journeys from his anxious mistress, and the faithful husband from his constant wife. Along that road has many a noble soldier travelled, to whom there has been no return; along that road the British sailor has often sped to victory or death. It does not strike the ordinary run of admirers of well-appointed public carriages, who stand and praise the neat “turn out,” and the “well bred cattle” of these Portsmouth coaches, what interest for others hangs upon their wheels; nor as they roll along the level ground, does the casual observer think what feelings, what hopes, what fears, what doubts, what anticipations, and what regrets are pent within their pannels.

In the coach with Saville were three other passengers — the full allowance: two were friends; the third, like Saville himself, was an independent, isolated traveller. What he was, or what the object of his journey, of course remained within his own bosom. Of the other two, one was a partner in a mercantile house at the Cape of Good Hope, where he never had been, and the other, one who had recently

arrived from that fine colony, and had succeeded in persuading his companion to go out, as Southey says the Devil did, when he visited his “snug little farm, the earth,” in order—

“—— to see how his stock went on.”

The experienced voyager, the active speculator, was all alive and in excellent spirits,—full of jest, and glee, and gaiety; to him the trees looked green and the sun shone bright, and not a word could be spoken, nor an incident occur that he did not turn to jest and merriment. Not so his companion: he was grave and pale, and July as it was, wore tight blue worsted pantaloons and Hessian boots. He spoke little, but sighed much, complained of the heat in murmured accents, and for want of other conversation, augured rain and thunder;—he dozed a little, and then needlessly apologized to his companions for what he thought unseemly conduct, by telling them that he had been married eleven years; that he had never been apart from his wife and children one whole day since his marriage; and that he

had, at the persuasion of his excellent friend, resolved to undertake a voyage to Africa, upon business, although he had never before been at sea, or even beheld it, except from the Steyne at Brighton, or the Pier at Margate. "I slept little last night," said he, "I am not used to partings, and it has been a sad morning for *me*, gentlemen."

The appeal was uncalled for; but having been made, it was received by the stranger travellers with courtesy and sympathy; it was met with a horse laugh by his friend, who, being a bachelor, on his return to what he had established as his home in Cape Town, wondered how any man could be so silly as to waste a thought or a sigh upon an affectionate spouse and seven children, and a country like England, when he was travelling at the rate of ten miles an hour towards Africa, and the detection of a pilfering partner.

Charles's feelings were just in a fit state to sympathize with this "parted husband," but even his commiseration seemed light by compa-

ri-son with that of the fourth passenger, whose melancholy appeared to increase with the distance from London. To Saville, the general disposition to silence (with the exception of the Cape Town Winkle-keeper) was particularly agreeable; and while his eyes remained unconsciously fixed upon the houses and hedges that seemed to dance by the rapidly-moving coach, his thoughts remained fixed upon Harriet, while amidst the measured rumble of the wheels, he fancied he could trace the melody of the air "she loved so much to sing."

After a transient refreshment the party seemed more familiarized to each other, and even Saville himself condescended from his stilts and joined in the conversation; the melancholy man in the left-hand corner unbent his brow, and added his mite to the verbal contribution of his companions, till at length the subject of lotteries was started by the Winkle-keeper, who declared an opinion that nobody ever got a prize.

This statement was stoutly contradicted by the melancholy man, who seemed to derive a vast

reinforcement of animation from the subject: he enumerated Dukes, Members of Parliament, Hampshire squires, Bloomsbury attornies, and Pall Mall pastry-cooks, who had, all to his own knowledge, been splendidly and suddenly enriched by the acquisition of large sums. “Indeed, Sir,” added he, “even I myself might have been worth thirty thousand pounds more than I am at this moment, by the same means, if it had not been for an accidental circumstance, over which I had no controul.”

“What might that have been?” said the Winkleman,—“choosing the wrong number, perhaps?”

“Not so, Sir,” said the melancholy gentleman, his countenance at the same moment assuming an expression rather of “anger than of sorrow,”—“I did choose the right number—bought it—brought it home—and had it in my library table drawer—but”——

“It was stolen, perhaps, Sir?” said the Winkleman’s friend, in a piteous tone.

“No, Sir, not that. I had it—it was mine—it was in the days when lotteries lasted a month, and tickets rose in value as they continued undrawn. I went into the city on business—a friend, who knew of my ticket, called in my absence—offered my wife a hundred and twenty guineas for it;—she knew that it had cost me but five-and-twenty;—sold it him—all for my good, poor soul—she’s in heaven now, Sir—it’s no use scolding about it—it won’t bring it back—and the very same afternoon—d——n me—I’m sure you’ll excuse my swearing at the recollection—it came up a thirty thousand pound prize!”

A general exclamation of horror followed the announcement.

“And now, Sir,” continued the gentleman, “as I walk along the streets in wet weather, because I cannot afford a hackney-coach, my friend Dodman, the lucky purchaser, dashes by in his carriage, and splashes me with mud. He lives in the house which I had all my life an anxiety

to possess; and has refused his consent to his son's marrying my daughter, on the plea of her poverty."

It was evident that the melancholy gentleman felt the circumstances keenly.

"Well," said Saville, "I don't think I could have survived such a thing."

"Only conceive, Sir," said the gentleman, seeming to delight in aggravating all the miseries of his loss,—“only conceive my coming home out of the city—having seen my number placarded at Cornhill as the prize—having compared it with the memorandum in my pocket-book—having bought a necklace and pair of earrings for my wife upon the strength of it—and finding, upon my arrival, that she had sold my thirty thousand pounds, which I was sure was in my pocket, to a man I hated, for one hundred and twenty guineas, which she exultingly exhibited, and which, with thirty-five more, went to pay for the baubles I had brought her home.”

"I could not have stood that," said the Winkelman.

“ Nor I,” said the weeping husband.

“ I,” said Saville, “ should have cut my throat.”

“ So I did, Sir !” said the melancholy gentleman, “ and here are the marks where it was sewn up !”—exhibiting, at the same moment, a huge scar right across his windpipe.

To describe the sudden coil-up of the three listeners, when the narrator of his own misfortunes made this disclosure, would be impossible ;—in a moment they unanimously construed all his previous observations and remarks into symptoms of his yet latent malady ; and never were rightly at their ease until they were blessed with the sight of his back, as he descended the steps of the coach at the door of the Dolphin, at Petersfield.

The occurrence of this circumstance was a great relief to Saville, as it furnished ample conversation for his two fellow travellers to the end of the journey, which was accomplished with ease and punctuality, and terminated about half-past four in the centre of a labyrinth of dirty

courts and blind alleys, of which the Quebec—(or *Queebec*, as *Twigg* called it)—is the *Mino-taur*. In an instant, the coach was surrounded by crowds of the amphibious animals thereabouts indigenous—each vying with the other to haul out our desponding lover, and ship him off forthwith by the *Ryde Packet*, whose tall chimney gave black and certain evidence of her readiness to start.

“How are you, Master Falkener?” said a man, who made his appearance at the tavern door, his face flushed with the heat of the weather, and of some powerful potation, which he had just swallowed, with a view to cool himself—“I say, did you meet that ere new hopposition?”

“Yes,” said Falkener, “passed her just t’other side *Godalming*.”

“All safe?”

“I suppose so,” said Falkener; “I did not ask. Why not?”

“Vy, only yesterday,” said the other, “she had a reg’lar upset coming round the corner by

Horndean—twelve outsides damaged, more or less—all sprawling in the middle of the road.”

“ Oh,” said a horsekeeper, who was standing by, “that ere’s nothing; he’s got so much custom, that he can’t count his passengers without spreading them.”

This bit of humour had its effect: it was received with a shout of laughter by the landsmen, and taken into serious consideration by the boatmen, who (their technicalities lying in another direction,) did not at once see the merit of the jest.

During this brief interchange of words, Saville had extricated himself from the stage-coach, and was preparing to accept the invitation of some of the mermen around him to embark; but Twigg interposed his authority, and informed his pliant master, that he could not permit him to start until he had visited the Post-Office, in order to get the instructions which he expected from “ Miss J.,” and begged him to go into the house, and wait his return.

To Saville's eye, the *Queebec* did not present exactly the appearance which Twigg's previous description and praise had led him to expect:—the red-curtained bar—the sanded passage—the larder, lined with Dutch tiles, containing half a yellow cold fowl, dotted with black stumps of feathers, a dry bone of beef, two purple kidneys, and a brace and a half of limp whittings—the narrow coffee-room, redolent with the fumes of rum and tobacco, with a hot waiter in his shirt-sleeves standing at the entrance,—these were the leading landmarks of the place, with nothing to redeem them, except a pretty, smart-looking young woman in the landlady's parlour, and at this juncture of Saville's life, as one woman alone engrossed all his cares and consideration, *her* charms were literally thrown away.

Here, however, spite of his prejudices, Saville was ordered by his Leporello to remain concealed until his return. His portmanteau, bags, &c., were all put “just inside the bar,” while he, the disconsolate, lingered about, “just outside of the door,” unwilling altogether to abandon the

hope that he might not be compelled eventually to enter it; wholly unaware of the danger in which he was placing the fate of his expedition by so doing, seeing that the very position he occupied, however obscure in point of situation, was open to the observation of every individual embarking or disembarking for or from the Isle of Wight, and utterly unsuspecting that within half an hour his beloved Harriet and her bridegroom elect, with all the family party, would actually pass by it, for the purpose of returning to Ryde, whence it appeared they had that day come on a visit to Portsmouth.

“It’s a good thing, Sir,” said Twigg, who returned in breathless haste, “that I went to the Post-Office as I did: Miss J. writes to let me know, that her folks were all to go to Ryde to-day, and come over here, to see the dock-yard, and the deuce knows what, and return to Cowes in the evening. A hundred to one if we hadn’t popped upon ’em in the packet; and even now, Sir,—do get into the house, and——”

“But when are we to go?”

“ Not till the morning, with any safety, Sir,” said Twigg;—“ get into the house, Sir, and don’t come out of it till after dark, at any rate.”

“ It was lucky, indeed,” said Saville, implicitly obeying the mandate of his minister, and turning round to ascend the steps of the *Queebec*, “ that you thought of going to look for a letter.”

“ Very, Sir,” said Twigg. “ Oh, I knew ‘ Miss J.’ wouldn’t be idle—she has every thing at stake”——

“ I am aware of that, Twigg,” replied Charles, not a little amused at his self-satisfaction.

In compliance with Twigg’s instructions, a private room was secured—if that, which in shape and size resembled a cocked hat-box, might be called a room—wherein he was to dine and sit after his dinner, which Twigg also ordered. Twigg, moreover, selected the bedroom, which was immediately over the sitting-room, and adjoining the official window of the Custom House, which commands the entrance of the harbour.

To Saville, the view to which the little win-

dow of his little den gave admission, was delightful, and compensated for all the inconveniences of the apartment itself, and the noisy nuisance of a group of little children, playing on the beach immediately beneath. There he beheld—some in commission, and some in ordinary—various of His Majesty's ships, whose names were not unknown to fame; and there, in the centre, distinguished by the banner of St. George, which floated at her main-top-gallant-mast head, rode the Queen Charlotte.

If this huge floating citadel possessed not the fatal interest of the Victory, it was impossible to look at her, majestically resting upon the unruffled surface of a peaceful harbour, and not think upon the places she had occupied in other days; or not to contrast the still and tranquil scenery around her with the blazing batteries of Algiers, within a hundred yards of which, the gallant Exmouth led her to the terrific work of glory. She seemed like a giant reposing, and yet extending protection to all around her.

It is when the mind is softened by afflic-

tion, or excited by hopes and fears, such as agitated Saville at this moment, that the heart is most susceptible to the impressions which such objects cannot fail to make. He saw her, in imagination, dealing death and destruction on every side; her huge artillery roaring like thunder, responsive to her deadly freighted lightning; her decks wet with the blood of heroes, her tall masts veiled in clouds of smoke; and towering above all, at once the beacon and the guide of thousands, floated the blood-red cross, the banner of our country—the symbol of her faith.

“ They are off, Sir,—they are off!” said Twigg, rushing into the room, and destroying at one fell swoop the whole airy fabric of Saville’s fancy.

“ Who—the Algerines?” said Charles.

“ No, Sir,” said Twigg; “ the Franklins.”

“ Off—where?”

“ In the packet, Sir,” said Twigg, “ for the island. I was close to them at the corner of the

baths. There was Mrs. Franklin leaning upon the arm of that Colonel O'Lollocky, as he calls himself, that used to come to Harley-street, a twisting and a shaking herself about, just like a girl of fifteen, and pointing her toes, and in her Tooting assembly, appearing for all the world younger than Harriet"—

"Than whom, Sir?"

"I beg pardon, Sir," said Twigg, "Miss F.: we always—that is, Miss Johnstone and I—*enter nous*—always calls her Harriet, and sometimes Harr.; but we mean no harm, Sir; its only for shortness, as I call Miss Johnstone herself, Nancy for Anne."

"Rather impertinent, I think," said Saville.

"Very, Sir," said Twigg.

"Well, and Miss Franklin was"—

"Walking with Old S.," said Twigg: "he carrying her parisol, and talking some of his unintelligible stuff; and she, poor dear, her head a constantly going round and round, first this way and then that way; in my belief, a looking to see

if she could see anything of us ; and you know, Sir, for young women as likes to look about 'em, them poke bonnets is old nick."

" Ah !" said Saville.

" There was a young creechur came down outside to-day," said Twigg : " a going governess to some gentleman's children in the island. She seemed uncommon pretty, and sociable, too ; but I could not get to see much of her countenance, on account of her unmerciful large bonnet ; and, as for conversation, it spoiled it completely ; for, as she had not room to turn round, all she said inside her poke—as I call em—sounded to me not a bit more distincter than so much wind down a chimley."

" And was Miss Franklin the elder, of the party ?" said Saville.

" Yes, Sir, she came last," said Twigg, " with a tall moon-faced girl, with a straw bonnet and green ribands, which I takes to be a Miss Macpherson, a friend of their's, who I knew was to come down with them for the benefit of washing."

“And they did not see you?”

“Me,” said Twigg, “no: I’m too good a judge for that. And now, Sir, if you have finished your dinner, I’ll let you out for a walk, on the lines, or in High-strèet, or where you will.”

“I have no desire for such luxury; I prefer sitting here,” said Saville.

“Here, Sir,” said Twigg; “what, looking at that great ship in the middle of the pond? You’ll be moped to death here—up in the street there are capital shops, and a nice pavement—you might almost fancy yourself in London.”

“I have no great anxiety,” said Charles, “to conjure up any such a delusion; I prefer the ship and the pond to the shops and the pavement.”

Twigg retired, wondering at his master’s bad taste; and so deeply commiserating his melancholy position, as to desire the landlady to send him some books to wile away time; and, accordingly, with the Ladies’ Magazine, the Percy Anecdotes, Paul and Virginia, and a small collection of Tracts, diversified with occasional slumbers, Saville got through the dark hours, by

the aid of a couple of mutton-candles, till it was time to go to bed.

The sun had set redly, but the clouds looked wild, and as the evening closed in, sharp and sudden puffs of wind shook the windows of the Quebec; towards midnight those puffs increased, until before one it had actually begun to blow a gale. Saville's thoughts, his position, the natural anxiety of his mind, contributed to keep him awake, and it was not until the sun had again shown himself through the dirty white dimitty curtains of his rickety tent-bed, that our hero felt inclined to sleep.

At length he was conscious of the welcome symptoms of drowsiness, and laying his head on his pillow, was roused suddenly by the throwing up of a creaking window close to his ear; he listened, not at all certain what next was to happen, when a stentorian voice bawled out—

“Brig, a-hoy! What brig is that?”

The answer was inaudible.

“Where are you from?”

Still the answer was unheard.

“ What’s the name of your master ?”

Ditto, as to inaudibility.

“ What have you got in ?”

Another answer, and down went the window.

Ah ! thought Saville, settling himself again, now that’s a fancy—a passion—some man has got out of his bed to inquire about a brig coming into the harbour—perhaps he has a fond, affectionate girl on board some vessel, and is anxious——

Up went the window again—again the same voice and the same questions—but not exactly the same results ; the schooner which now entered the harbour, and which, by the in-and-outishness of the Quebec, Saville could not see—for he had the curiosity *this* time to look out—was nearer the Portsmouth shore than the brig which had preceded her, so that the replies to the inquirer came tumbled about by the wind in a sort of unintelligible noise, always, at least to Saville’s ears, exactly alike, varied only in length and pace of utterance, and reducible to writing only by the words, wulla, wulla, wulla.

“ Schooner, a-hoy !” bawled the inquirer through an immense speaking-trumpet ; “ what schooner’s that ?”

“ Wulla, wulla, wulla.”

“ Where are you from ?”

“ Wulla, wulla.”

“ What’s your master’s name ?”

“ Wulla, wulla, wulla.”

“ What have you got in ?”

“ Wulla.”

Down went the window, and away went the schooner, and so did Saville to his bed. But all in vain ; to the schooner succeeded a lugger, after *her* came a ship, and then a brig, and then a lugger again, and to all of these, and to fifty more, were all the same questions put, and the same answers given ; until Saville at last became reconciled to the annoyance, which he found proceeded from the neighbouring official window belonging to the Custom-house, whence the inquiries he had heard were authoritatively made, and satisfactorily replied to, before the vessel catechised was permitted to pass.

Habituated for two hours to these queries, and to the violence of the wind, which even out-roared the stentorian Custom-house officer, Saville had responded to the claim of wearied Nature in his first unromantic snore, when a noise not very much unlike a march of cavalry up the ladder-like staircase of the hotel, once more aroused him from his rest.

“Hallo,” cried a voice, nearly as loud as that of him with the trumpet; “mind my dressing-case, you sir.”

“I say,” cried another, “give me some soft bread.”

“Tea for twelve,” cried a third.

“And toast and butter for sixteen,” bellowed a fourth.

Bang went boxes and bundles: men scrambling along the passages, children crying, and women scolding; but all, men, women, and children, unanimously demanding something to eat and drink, but more especially tea and toast and butter.

“Anna Maria, my dear,” said a man close

to Saville's door, "we must get the children's hair cut the first thing,—their heads are like mops."

"And I must get a bonnet somewhere, Frederick," said a lady in reply.

"What is it o'clock by land time?" cried a rough voice; "is the barber up?—I say, waiter, what news is there?—have you got the cholera here?—who's king now?—are the Whigs in or out?"

The waiter, who had been roused from his sleep, was mightily enraged by the confusion of domestic and political questions which were put to him; and the chambermaids, who had not wasted the precious time in dressing, were running about in all directions in the extreme of *déshabille*, appearing to the famished eyes of the new arrivals, like so many divinities.

Truth to be told, the uproarious party, who, like Macbeth, had murdered sleep, and entirely awakened Charles, comprised the captain and some of the passengers of the *Lumper*, a country ship from the East Indies, who had preferred getting ashore in the pilot-boat, to waiting on board

until the vessel reached Blackwall; a place which, abounding as it does in all the pleasing reminiscences of "mud scrambles," and white bait, is placed at a very considerable distance from the Isle of Portland; at which place the present invaders had got into the boat, in which they had been overtaken by the gale of the preceding evening, and had endured ten times as much wretchedness as they could have anticipated, and at least as much as they deserved, for not sticking to the old ship to the last.

All these ravenous animals, who had been for four months grinding hard biscuit, and digesting salt junk, sprang into the Quebec, afflicted with the most horrible appetites; and the noises which they made were merely the usual evidences of hunger, which all living creatures are in the habit of affording when in a state of incivilization. The anxiety to have up their boxes, in order to be "rigged out" ready for a start in the morning, and the necessity for cutting the four months' exuberance of hair from the heads of the young girls and children, and the imperious demand for bon-

nets, “ something like those worn in England,” made the Welkin ring, and determined Saville to abandon all further hopes of rest, and dress himself at the earliest opportunity. To what purpose, except, perhaps, to make good a retreat to his sitting-room, and there ensconce himself, it would be difficult to say ; for, early as it was, the clouds gave promise of a wretched day, the rain already poured in torrents, and driven against the windows, must have added a new zest to the meal, or rather meals which the half-famished, half-drowned passengers were devouring, without regard to decorum or ceremony, some even in Saville’s room, the door of which had chanced to stand open, and others in their bed-chambers, and some even upon the stairs.

To a quiet, peaceably-disposed person, all this *emeute* would have been distracting. Saville, little inclined to rest, liked

—— “ the rocking of the battlements ;”

and he could not resist the amusement offered him in the spectacle of such a dispersion from the ark, accompanied throughout as it was at

intervals, by the imperious demands of the trumpeter out of the window, and the never-failing answer of wulla, wulla, wulla.

It was not much after seven, when Charles finally made good his footing in his own particular hat-box, to which the ever attentive Twigg, with his own proper hand had conveyed his breakfast, snatched as it were from the teeth of the passengers; and before eight, our hero was seated at a small ricketty table, covered with a diaper napkin, in order to eat or rather look at, (for eating with *him* was out of the question,) two lately imported French eggs, which, however, had been long enough from *la belle France* to have become naturalized, a slice of black ham, milk of London quality, stale bread, and rancid butter; the contents of the larder, before noticed, having all gone to satisfy the Lumpers, so called from the name of the fortunate vessel which bore them to our shores.

Nothing could be more wretchedly uncomfortable to Saville than the wearisome, long morning before him. Confined to the house by weather,

which would have been infinitely more seasonable in November, and rendered doubly dismal by the beauty and brightness of the preceding day, he read and re-read his magazines, and his anecdotes, and gazed on the Queen Charlotte, and watched the ferry, and listened to the inquisitor next door, until his patience was totally exhausted.

At length, it blowing a perfect hurricane, the Cowes and Southampton packet was announced as ready to start. In that they were to proceed, Miss Johnstone having informed her correspondent, that the Franklin party were to remain at Ryde until the following morning, suggesting either the stay of the lovers at Portsmouth till their return, or their immediately crossing to Cowes, where every arrangement might be made before the enemy arrived; Johnstone having contrived to excuse herself from attending upon Harriet, who with great good nature and a perfect understanding of the reasons of her absence, had readily agreed to accept the services of her "Ma's" maid during their little excursion; an excursion made at the suggestion of Mr. Smith,

under the pretence of pleasing his betrothed, but, in fact, for the purpose of ascertaining whether he could not engage a house at Ryde upon cheaper terms than one at Cowes.

The wind blew so violently that it was scarcely possible to stand; and in the time before hot water and paddles bade defiance to the elements, it would have been considered impossible for the vessel to go. However, the packet in question had steamed round to the point, where she lay under the lee of the houses, the wind having shifted in the morning, to a gale at south-east. Twigg, who was an admirable land officer, was the least in the world like

“ That maritime soldier the royal marine.”

He was as helpless at sea as a cat, and his want of skill was in no degree compensated by any excess of courage. In the bubbling of the water, and the spray which he saw splashing against the graduated stone facing of the point, he thought he beheld death and destruction staring him in the face. In a hurry not to be

described, he bundled his master's luggage into the boat, tumbled himself down the narrow steps without regard to the law of precedence, and in his alarm, actually scolded Saville for his want of expedition in relieving him from what he considered the perilous situation of dancing upon the little toppling waves within a yard and a quarter of the street. Squalls of rain beat in their faces, and although covered with cloaks and umbrellas, and the distance of the packet not being more than four or five boat-lengths, they were nearly wet through when they reached the gangway, whence Saville slipped down the companion into the cabin; and Twigg, almost unconscious what he did, was hauled forward and deposited down the fore hatchway, to be dried by the heat of the boiler.

To be sure, there was a vast deal of noise and bustle, and the packet was under way when they reached her. Saville, anxious not to be seen or recognized by anybody who might know him, and equally anxious not to be bored with the conversation of anybody who did not, rolled

himself up in a corner of the cabin which was dark, hot, and ill-smelling, owing probably to the circumstance of all the company having been soaked through on shore, before they were deposited on board.

Away they went—bang, bang, went the engines, shake went the vessel, and rattle went the bulk-heads, and Charles, worn out with worry, and fatigued by his want of rest during the night, fell into a profound slumber, from which it appears he did not awake for upwards of two hours and a half.

At the termination of that period he shook off his slumber, and sat upright on the sofa, where he had been so long reclining. The weather seemed to have moderated; he thought a little air on deck would be agreeable; and to see the island which contained his fair one, even although he was not that day to be in the same town with her, would be something. Having accordingly scrambled over the legs of various people who were huddled up in different corners, and begged a proportionate number of pardons,

he ascended the companion, and cast his eyes around to trace the line of land from Ryde to Cowes ; but to his surprise, on turning to the south, he saw no land at all, neither to the west, nor could he anywhere distinctly make out anything, except right astern, quite on the horizon, where he beheld a ridge of something dark which for any cognizable land-mark he saw upon it, might have been Cape Fly-away itself.

“Why,” said he to the man at the wheel, “you give the island a wide berth to-day.”

“Yes, Sir,” said the man, “we don’t want to have nothing to do with she this weather ; and we can hold our own—’tan’t with us as with sailing wessels.”

“No,” said Saville, “but when do you get to Cowes then?”

“Cowes, Sir,” said the man, “I can’t say as ever I were at Cowes in my life, and I don’t think as I shall be, please God, for some time to come.”

“What do you mean?” said Saville ; “why this is the Cowes packet?”

“Cowes, Sir! Lord love your heart,” said the man, “you might put the Cowes’ packet into our cabin.”

“Then where are we going?” said Saville, in a tone of agony which made the steersman stare.

“To Granville, Sir,” said the man, “where, please the pigs, we shall be by to-morrow dinner-time.”

“France!” exclaimed Saville. “What on earth shall I do!—Where is my servant?” added he, speaking to the steward’s mate.

“Dead sick below, Sir,” said the man.

“And I raving mad above! Never mind,” continued Saville, “it matters not what the mishap was that brought us here, here we are; the next thing to ascertain is the soonest time at which we can get back.”

“We come back, Sir, next Friday,” said the man.

“An age!” thought Saville.

“I thought somehow your servant was wrong,” said the steward’s mate; “but he would persist

he was right, so I said no more about it. I'm very sorry, Sir—I"——

"Sorry!—thank you, thank you," said Saville, "it is the very deuce to me. But I must bear it of course; it is nobody's fault but my own. Five days! Mercy on us!" and so he went on muttering and moaning, as if not yet quite convinced of the real state of the affair, and nourishing one of those hopes in which none but desperate lovers ever indulge, that even yet they might fall in with something in the Channel which would put them back sooner than the packet possibly could. To discuss the point with Twigg, under the influence of alarm and sea sickness, would be ridiculous; and, accordingly, he retired to his place in the cabin, and witnessed, with the closing night, all the preparations for eating, drinking, and sleeping, which his fellow-passengers were making, in every direction, to his utter discomfiture and annoyance.

All worldly evils have a termination. By the middle of the next day they were safely an-

chored at Granville; and Saville, having previously vented his long-dormant misery upon Twigg, who made his appearance shortly after the packet had slipped into smooth water, composed his countenance and moderated his manner into something like placid civility, when the officer of the port came on board. He saw that the master of the packet had communicated to that gentleman the mistake under which he had become a visiter there; and that the officer was consequently advancing to make some civil observations upon the misadventure.

“I shall be sorry to hear,” said the officer, in English, “dat you have come to us by mistake. I am ver much afraid it shall be serious loss to you for de time”——

“Why, Sir,” said Saville, “it is extremely provoking; but not so seriously injurious as it might have been.”

“No! but,” continued the Frenchman, “under de circumstance it may be worse dan you tink.”

“No, no,” said Saville, with an assumption

of gaiety in his manner, "I shall go back on Friday, and have seen a little bit of the continent which will be new to me."

"Ah!" said the Frenchman, opening his eyes to double their ordinary width, "dere he is; dat is what I meant. You cannot go back Friday; nor can you see our country. Dere is orders from our Government to put you in quarantine forty days, because dere has been in dis packet a case of cholera!"

"Forty days, Sir!" said Saville; "a whole life sacrificed would not be worth so much as forty days! How can I write to explain?"

"Oh! you must not write, Sir," said the officer; "I am to allow no communication with de vessel, and you are to stay here till you get well."

"But, Sir, I am not ill," said Saville.

"I don't know dat," said the officer; "it may come out upon you some day or other when you little tink of him."

"What, Sir," said Saville "do you mean to

say that I am to be shut up in this vessel in order to *get* the cholera?"

"I cannot speak to dat," said the officer; "my orders are vary simple; dis vessel must remain where she is, forty dâys, or such less time as de government may hereafter decide upon."

Saying which the French gentleman turned upon his heel, and left Saville standing transfixed as it were to the deck; and when Twigg, not yet aware of all the consequences of his mistake, came aft to inquire, unluckily for him, something about taking the luggage ashore, he was received by a volley of words from his master, which nothing but love or distraction could, in these civilised days, have either palliated or justified.

It would neither be entertaining nor instructive to the reader, to repeat the angry expressions of Mr. Saville, or the energetic defence of his servant, upon whose zeal and activity no imputation could be cast, seeing that his fate in love and life was linked with his master's; nor will it be necessary to detail all the proceedings of

the ill-fated couple, who, after having been in the packet three days, were carried ashore in the hospital boat, and placed apart in a lazaretto, where they remained twenty-nine days of the prescribed forty, and whence they were released exactly in time to arrive back again at Portsmouth, four mornings after the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Smith (now united in the holy bonds of matrimony,) to spend the honey-moon on the continent.

CHAPTER IX.

It may easily be imagined that the intelligence of Harriet's marriage and departure was bitterly painful to Saville ; and the horrors arising from the dreadful certainty that her fate and his, were irrevocably fixed, received additional strength from the conviction, the certainty which existed in his mind, that she—ignorant of course of the unfortunate mistake of the bewildered lacquey, and of their consequent delays and detentions—would naturally attribute his sudden silence and abrupt disappearance, (after having by his ambassador pledged himself to active measures for her rescue,) to coldness or caprice, corroborated by his former apparent negligence about her ; she being unable to ascertain whether all she had

now heard about his offer and his letter was true or not, seeing that she dare not apply upon the subject to her mother, the only person who could have given her any authentic information upon it.

The reflections, therefore, in which Saville indulged, were of the most galling and irritating nature. That she was lost, irretrievably lost, was the great and fatal truth connected with his misfortunes; but, convinced as he was, that she was ready to be rescued from the grasp of her present lawfully wedded husband, if he had been at hand to favour her escape, it really was too bad to lose her. Besides, what would she think of his conduct? How must she despise him for his neglect of her; how debased he must be in her opinion; and the more so, as having frivolously revived the feeling in her heart, which she had in some degree successfully struggled to overcome. He saw all his misery, for although he was studying for the chancery bar, he was convinced whatever the practice

there might be, that in the cause of love, attachment does not always follow contempt.

Too true, however, was the news. In one of the libraries, Saville read the details of the marriage, set forth in the imperishable columns of the *Morning Post*; and as he read of the beautiful bride, enveloped in her beautiful veil of Brussels lace, he thought of the odious bridegroom, so far advanced in the vale of years, and launched forth in imprecations deep and heavy on his head.

The faithful Twigg was for the moment as inconsolable as the unhappy Saville. Miss J. was gone, but not married; there was yet a gleam of hope for *him*; it was but a spark, yet he fanned it with his sighs, and wished himself into the belief that she would remain constant and true, attributing their non-appearance at Cowes to the timidity or indecision of his master, qualities for which, knowing him as well as *she* did, it was not probable she would give her own sweetheart credit.

When the first shock, which the sudden cut of

the Gordian knot of Saville's love-affair excited, had somewhat subsided, his thoughts reverted to himself; his present position, his future prospects, and the course of remedies he should adopt to staunch the wound he felt assured he could never heal. To return to London would be absurd: it was long vacation; chambers were deserted, and lawyers at liberty; and besides, could he at such a moment apply himself to study, or divert his mind from subjects of such deep interest as those which now wholly engrossed them, into the dry and confined channels of legal education? It was open to him by a desperate resolution to study to obliterate his fondest recollections; for he

“ The better to improve his taste,
Was by his parents' fondness plac'd
Amongst the blest, the chosen few
(Blest, if their happiness they knew,)
Who for three hundred guineas paid
To some great master of the trade,
Have at his rooms, by *special* favour,
His leave to use their best endeavour,
By drawing pleas from nine till four,
To earn him twice three hundred more,

And after dinner may repair
To 'foresaid rooms, and then and there,
Have 'foresaid leave from six till ten,
To draw the aforesaid pleas again."

Whether Saville, admitting the efficacy of the medicine, considered the remedy worse than the disease, history does not inform us; all we know is, that instead of flying from the scenes recently hallowed by the presence of his beloved, he resolved to remain where he was, having first ascertained that the family party had separated and departed from the island, on the day when the marriage was celebrated. What occurred to our hero there we shall hereafter see; in the meanwhile we must take a glance at our dearly beloved friends, Mr. and Mrs. Smith.

To describe the state of Harriet's existence, from the moment in which she had so far committed herself as to encourage Charles's proposition of visiting, and, as he called it, rescuing her, until the fatal morning, when the ceremony which eternally decided her lot in life, would be impossible. The consciousness that she had failed

in her duty to her mother, and faltered in her allegiance to her betrothed husband, was made a thousand times more painful than it otherwise would have been, by the mortifying reflection that she had permitted herself to be duped by empty professions, and sacrificed either to the ignorant zeal of her new confidant, or the heartless vanity of a worthless pretender to her love. Day after day passed, the lingering hours were counted, and yet no news of Saville came; it was one continued fever and irritation, for while she pined and sickened at his protracted absence, she was in a constant state of alarm lest he should unexpectedly appear.

Miss Johnstone, in whom the spirit of enterprise was strong, had, by permission of her mistress, made an excursion to Portsmouth, where by application at the post-office, she discovered that her letter to the faithless Twigg had been safely delivered to its right owner. This certainty, far from being consolatory, added new fuel to the flame which was already consuming the lady and her maid. Nothing could

have happened to keep their lovers away, except distaste and a determination to put an end to an affair which, with a duplicity scarcely paralleled, they had themselves originated.

Miss J. as Twigg called her, was not to be baffled so easily; she determined to “know the rights of it;” and as she was acting in the double capacity of principal for herself, and agent for her mistress, Harriet could not permit the authority which she undoubtedly possessed over her in the one character, to controul her operations in the other. It was by thus temporising, that the young lady permitted her servant to try the experiment of writing to Saville’s London lodgings to inquire,—not after *him* for the world,—but after his valet, satisfied with believing that any answer which Twigg might send to “Miss J.’s” letter, would, while it described his own pursuits and occupations, necessarily contain a detail of those in which his master might be engaged.

Here again they were doomed to be disappointed; the epistle of the anxious damsel remained unanswered, unnoticed, and at the end

of a fortnight, both the “forsaken,” agreed that it would be quite unworthy the dignity of the sex, to take any farther steps for the recovery of their lost lovers; Miss Johnstone, however, specially consoling herself with her negative loss, which she contrasted in glowing colours with the positive calamity which awaited her betrothed mistress.

It was easy to make this determination, and, with a mind like that of Miss J., not difficult, perhaps, to abide by it; but to Harriet the struggle proved nearly mortal. The continued conflict between duty and inclination, and hope and despair, added to the remorseful regrets which she experienced at having betrayed her weakness, and compromised her dignity of character, by the admission of a claim upon her heart, which appeared to have been made but in sport, were almost too much for her delicate frame and constitution; yet she endured them all with that meek and unworldly patience which exclusively belongs to woman.

It was a piteous sight to see her selecting and

choosing bridal ornaments, and accepting from the trembling hand of her dotard lover, gifts which could scarcely be considered any thing but bribes; and there was in her manner a quiet resignation, a total abandonment of herself to the views and will of others, which at times even wounded the feelings of her mother. It was, however, too late now to retract; although Mrs. Franklin suspected that the total silence which Harriet observed with regard to Saville, and the entire absence of any attempt on his part either to see or prevail upon her to take the desperate measure which could alone relieve her from her approaching thralldom, was merely maintained as a cloak for stratagems, which she imagined to be in a regular course of progress, and never did she rise in the morning without expecting to hear that the bird was flown.

She could not otherwise account for the appearance of implicit obedience which characterised every action of her poor devoted daughter's life. She little knew the awful struggle by which her mind was torn, and least of all could she suspect

that the calm resolution of her daughter had been produced by the believed infidelity and heartlessness of her lover.

Time passed—one day succeeded another—and still the aching pain of dread and expectation continued. The ring was bought which was to bind her to her Mezentian spouse; he placed it sportively on the finger which it was to bind for life—a mark, at once, of duty and affection. To him, this, to others, easy task, was not so trifling an achievement; his hand, trembling neither “with love nor fear,” but with a more incurable malady, old age, was not well calculated to place the golden mark of bondage—apt illustration of such a match—on his captive; yet, in three short days, he was to do so in earnest, to secure his passive victim. He affected to be gay and jocose, and concluded the rehearsal of his performance by holding in his hand the finger he, after two minutes, pottering, had enslaved. There sat the pale, placid girl, patiently undergoing the protracted operation, her mother looking archly and almost mischievously on; while

“ Miss J.,” entering the apartment on tip-toe, stood eyeing the scene with an expression in her countenance of mingled surprise and disgust. It was a subject for a painter; and with “ Ringing a *Belle*,” by way of title, might have made no inconsiderable figure in one of the Exhibitions.

Ringings of bells indeed there was, within three days of this occurrence; and favours, and gloves, and cake, and all the other concomitants of nuptial ceremonials.

“ I pass each previous settlement and deed,
Too long for me to write, or you to read;
Nor will with quaint impertinence display
The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array:
The time approached—to church they went—”

and were made man and wife; Harriet, absorbed in tears, and wholly unconscious of what was passing; Mr. Smith himself not being entirely delighted with the observations of some of the spectators, made as he led, or rather lifted, with the assistance of the bride’s-maids, his broken-hearted better-half to the carriage. Mrs. Franklin

looked at the by-standers and her daughter, as if she could have killed the former, and eaten the latter: her pride was hurt by hearing a murmur amongst the crowd, in which the word “shame” was distinguishable; but Colonel O’Lollocky, who handed her from the door, hurried her through the knot of people who surrounded it, in order that she might escape the reproaches which they seemed unanimous in breathing forth.

The reader knows that with this ceremony the residence of the party in the island terminated. After a *déjeûner-à-la-fourchette*, the bride and bridegroom proceeded to Southampton, on their way to Bath, Cheltenham, Malvern, Leamington, and eventually the Lakes; and Mrs. Franklin, with her sister-in-law, her niece, and Colonel O’Lollocky, started at the same time for Portsmouth; Miss Johnstone having nearly cried her eyes out at being compelled to share the rumble of her young mistress’s carriage with her old master’s favourite servant—a favourite of two-and-twenty years’ standing; and who, before

they had travelled two and twenty miles, gave several indications of an ardent desire to follow his excellent master's example in the way of matrimony, if Miss J. could be prevailed upon to accede to his entreaties.

Our *dramatis personæ* are now scattered, and the reader must make up his mind to a long separation from them. It would be worse than useless to record in detail the miseries which poor Harriet found herself destined to undergo. Dissatisfaction with himself soon rendered her husband dissatisfied with *her*; and a parsimony, as absurd in him, as it was distressing to his wife, added to the most restless jealousy, kept her in a state not to be described.

Saville, with a mind completely overthrown by the circumstances which had deprived him of his Harriet, conscious what her opinion of him must be, and yet feeling that any attempt to undeceive her as to his conduct, could only be construed into a desire to maintain a correspondence with her, which, in their relative positions, it would be most indelicate to keep up, deter-

mined upon abandoning his profession, and travelling. The moment the reader hears this, he will construe such a determination into the result of a restless anxiety and an undefined hope of meeting his loved and lost angel (by accident of course) on the Continent; or as an intermediate step between writing to her in his own vindication, and giving her up altogether. But it turned out that he thought better even of this scheme, and generously relinquished what might have afforded him the greatest gratification now left within his reach,—that of seeing and explaining to her the circumstances by which he had been forced into apparent inconsistency and frivolity; because he could not but apprehend one of two evils as likely to result from his putting it into execution:—he might either succeed in withdrawing her from her matrimonial allegiance, or do what, as far as the world was concerned, would have been equally injurious,—subject her to the imputation of tolerating the advances of a lover, who had been discarded not by her, but by the authority of her mother.

After much deliberation, he came to the resolution of applying himself to the drudgery of his profession, in the hope of diverting his thoughts from their one dear object; and in the certainty that, however much study and other pursuits might temporarily relieve his mind, his heart would still remain constant to his Harriet. To wait years and years for the consummation of happiness, dependent upon the death of another, may be thought neither christian-like nor proper; but, certain as he was of her affection, convinced by the last communication which passed between them, that she reciprocated his love—his resolution was nothing but a fitting return for her kindness. What he hoped, or what he looked forward to, could in no wise affect either the health or happiness of the far distant possessor of his beloved. No tie of friendship bound him to the veteran husband; and his anxiety for Harriet's comfort and welfare was so pure and disinterested, that, if he could have believed—which of course under the circumstances he did not—that she was happy, he would have satisfied him-

self with watching her career through life without a murmur of discontent.

The career of her mother as a widow was very speedily stopped by her accepting the hand of Colonel O'Lollocky, who found little difficulty in convincing her of the importance of the loss she had sustained in the society of her daughter, or in impressing upon her mind the advantages which, in every worldly point of view, would attend her union with him, whose whole life would be devoted to her happiness, and who felt that his own would be assured to him by her consent. This assurance of the Colonel's had its effect; and in less than a month after Harriet had set her the example, Mrs. Franklin entered the holy state of matrimony with the gallant officer, who had before that ceremony took place, proposed taking his matured bride over to Ireland to see a remarkably fine property which he had there,—at least in expectation,—upon which there were a fine mansion, a valuable farm, capital shooting, and a beautiful decoy. This journey,

however, he postponed immediately after the wedding; and Mrs. Franklin, although, for a time, blinded by a passion which she fancied love, began to see pretty clearly, that of all the promised valuables of her gallant spouse in the “green island,” nothing was entirely to be depended upon except the decoy.

Time rolled on, and Saville persisted in his assiduous attention to business, until his health became visibly and seriously impaired, and he was compelled to seek change of air as the only chance of restoration. To his kind friends, the Alvinghams, then some time married and settled, the broken-hearted young man was indebted for a hospitable welcome to Harlingham Parsonage; and under their happy roof, and in the enjoyment of that tranquillity which is afforded to the mind, almost unconsciously, by the society of such people, he recovered both health and spirits; and when he quitted them after a lengthened stay till the end of the year of Harriet’s departure, he promised to revisit them annually at the same season.

It was after his return to London from his first agreeable visit to Harlingham, and seven or eight months after Harriet's marriage, that as he was sitting at breakfast, just ready for a start to Chambers, Twigg entered the room with an opened letter in his hand,—his countenance was animated by an expression of interest and importance,—a sort of triumphant giggle was on his lips, and in his manner a consciousness of having something to impart which his master would be most anxious to hear.

“ I've got a letter, Sir,” said Twigg, “ come all the way from where the sallad ile comes, in the basket-bottomed bottles—full of news, Sir.”

“ Indeed !” said Saville, “ that must be agreeable enough for you.”

“ Very, Sir,” said Twigg.

“ Who is it from ?” asked Saville.

“ From ‘ Miss J.,’ Sir,” said Twigg, “ who moreover is ‘ Miss J.’ still.”

Saville was not prepared for this announcement ; he did not know the particular place at which the Smiths had fixed their residence ; and

when Twigg mentioned his letter, and described its date, there was nothing in Saville's mind to associate it with his loved, lost Harriet.

“ It's full of news, as I have just said,” continued the anxious valet, “ and you may read it, Sir, in welcome—all but just a little bit where I have doubled it down.” Saying this, he handed the precious document to his master, who proceeded to peruse its contents. They had best speak for themselves:—

“ *Florence* —, —.

“ DEAR ALEXANDER,

“ You will think me vastly foolish, I dare say, and perhaps laugh at me for writing to you ever again, after your extraordinary conduct; but, as I say, if you have behaved bad to me, your master has behaved worse to my mistress”——

“ You must not mind that, Sir,” said Twigg, interrupting Saville's reading; “ she means all for the best—you'll see presently—go on, Sir.”

“ I don't know enough of him to know what his real principle at bottom is, and cannot there-

fore judge how much he is to be blamed, or how much to be pitied; but you, I cannot think, would wilfully have made me the protestations you have made, if you wasn't in earnest, and serious and honourable in your intentions"—

“ That, you see, Sir,” said Twigg, “ means”—

“ Oh, I see perfectly,” said Saville; “ well.”

“ It is because I quite believe this, that I take the opportunity of Miss Mill—who is Lady Frances Fotheringham's maid—going to England, to write, in order, by giving you our address here, to afford you an opportunity of explaining your conduct to me—that is to say, if you are yet alive, and in Charles-street, St. James's-square. She has promised to carry my letter home, and put it into the twopenny-post-office before she leaves London.”

“ But,” said Saville, having read thus far, “ this letter seems wholly to concern you, and I have no right”——

“ Right, Sir !” said Twigg; “ what's right to do with it?—I'm not ashamed nor afraid of

what's in the letter, as far as I am concerned ; and if you'll go on, you'll see something more about yourself"—

“ Equally flattering with the former observations,” said Saville.

“ Write, if you please, Alexander, to me here—that is, if you continue to care at all about me—and explain your real feelings, and the reason for your extraordinary conduct in never coming to the Isle of Wight, after all the pains I had taken ; because, if you are in the same mind, and was prevented by sickness or accident from keeping your appointment, I tell you straight-forward, that I neither have changed, nor am likely to change my mind, as Miss Mill could tell you, if you had the opportunity of speaking to her ; but if you have wilfully neglected me, and do not reply to this, I shall consider you have done with me altogether ; and as I have a very good opportunity of bettering myself, in that case, shall accept the offer of an Italian marquis, who is very fond of me, and has

a fine estate in his own country of more than a hundred and thirty-two pounds a year. He says that I"—

" Ah, Sir!" said Twigg, " that's what I have doubled down, because its all about myself, Sir"—

" Oh, of course, that is sacred," said Saville ;
" well, where may I turn to?"

" Up there, Sir," said Twigg, " where it begins, ' My mistress.' "

" Oh !" said Saville.

" My mistress has been very very ill; she has not entirely recovered the shock and disappointment occasioned by Mr. Saville's cruel conduct. I thought she would have died. There she was, Alexander, day after day going down to the bathing machine, which was where I told you to tell Mr. Saville to meet us; a washing and washing herself every morning of her life, till there was scarce any thing of her left; and what with that, and weeping, I do assure you I thought we should have lost her. She is better a little, and now speaks of your master,

and will let me mention his name. But there is a book of his—one which she did not send back when she returned all his bits of things that he had left at our house—and I often see her reading in it, and crying; but she tries not to let me see it; and the minute I come into the room she jumps up and hides the book, and affects to laugh and talk something about nothing, just merely for conversation.”

“ There, Sir,” said Twigg, “ I told you, Sir, there was something about *you*.”

“ And extremely consolatory, as well as complimentary, that something is,” said Saville.

“ As for my mistress’s husband, he has been at the very point of death. What has been the matter with him I cannot rightly tell you, because I do not exactly know; but the doctors say he has got something the matter with his something, in Latin, which I believe is his liver in English, and he has great pain in his side, and is always sick; but I am no great hand at Italian, and don’t know the names the people here give to complaints. One thing I can make out, and that

is, that he is not long for this world. And between you and me and the post, when he goes it will be no great loss; for he leads my poor young lady such a life, that if he was the great Mogul, stuffed with diamonds, I would not stop with him. Nobody dare speak to her, nor she to nobody; and every body is running after her here, because she is what they call *leggiadra*, and *bella*, and all that; but if any man bows or stops a moment to talk to her, old Smith is in one of his tantrums, and scolds her worse than ever her mother did,—and that's saying a good deal. However, when the old man pops off, there she'll be just as young and as handsome as ever; only a little thinner and paler than she was before, and if I am not very much mistaken, if your master can make out, as I hope you can, a good explanation of his behaviour, just as ready to be Mrs. Saville."

"Psha!" said Charles, "how—

" "These fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

The most delicate points are discussed and

settled; every thing upon which the tenderest feelings are excited canvassed with carelessness and flippancy, and the fate of half a score people sealed, with as much ease as a gown is pinned or a curl twisted."

"Fools! Sir," said Twigg, reproachfully, "you can't think Miss J. a fool?"

"No, no, Twigg," said Saville, endeavouring to hide the emotions caused by her abrupt, but clearly correct communication of the state of the case; "no, let *her* be one of the angels; she is very like one."

"Very, Sir," said Twigg, adding parenthetically, and in an under tone, ("Not that I ever se'ed one.")

———"You may tell Mr. Saville of this letter, and give my dutiful respects to him, if you are yourself able to let me see that both you and he are wrongfully accused by us. I say us, for although Miss Harriet—I cannot bear to call her Mrs. Smith—is as mute as mute can be on the subject, I am sure in her heart she would be happier, and in her mind easier, if once she

could think she has not been forsaken by him on purpose; for to be an abandoned woman, Alexander, is, as I know, a very sad thing indeed. I don't mean to say much, because I am afraid of the worst; and sometimes fear he may be one of them vile wretches of men who sport about and trifle with the feelings of the softer sex, and that you may, perhaps, be as bad; but, nevertheless, I will hope, and, as I said before, if you can clear yourself, write to me; and if he can clear himself with my young lady, there's nothing I won't do to serve him; and whatever he may write in a letter, I will give her, provided it is all fair and honourable. But I will not have a hand in any thing wrong; only I am sure if she was satisfied about his not being fickle and changing, she would be more at ease, and how could she be so well satisfied as by having the assurance under his own hand.

“When I recollect, Alexander,”——

“That's doubled down, Sir,” said Twigg;
“there's nothing more about you, Sir, not a syllable; it's only about Miss Mill, and two pots

of soap, and some other little conundrums which Miss J. has sent me, and which Miss M. is to give me, provided I am single and constant, Sir. You may read it all for the matter of that, only"——

"Oh," said Saville, "I have no desire, I assure you. I am much obliged to you for a sight of the letter, and"——

"In course," said Twigg, "you will take Miss J.'s hint and write."

"That," said Saville, "requires consideration, and must be deliberated upon at leisure; there will be plenty of time for that, before you send your answer."

"I shall write to-day, Sir," said Twigg, "and if I can lay my hands upon Miss Mill, give her ocular proof of my constancy, and get the soap and the enceteras."

"Well," said Saville, "I shall be prepared with my answer when your letter is ready."

Twigg retired in high spirits, and left Saville in a state of mind difficult to describe. His beloved Harriet was suffering a martyrdom from

which he might have rescued her. That he was accidentally and unavoidably prevented from achieving this most desirable object, she did not know; and he perfectly agreed with Miss Johnstone that the knowledge of the fact would relieve her mind and diminish her remorse. Then ought he not to communicate this fact simply? No. It appeared to him that the certainty of his constancy, and the immutability of his affection, would equally excite and agitate her; and that it would be cruel to open a new source of grief, when, perhaps, time had in some degree alleviated the sorrow derivable from another.

As to this, however, it was pretty clear that Twigg's vindication of his own conduct to Miss Johnstone, over which Saville could have no controul, would inevitably involve his master's exculpation. Yet he dare not himself write to Harriet. It would be dishonourable; it would be dangerous to her comfort and welfare; and what are so dear to man as the ease and security of the woman he loves. She might think him cold—

cruel, or even yet inconstant, if he let slip the opportunity of communicating the few facts connected with his delay in France. But why should he undeceive her? why, for the personal gratification of setting himself right in a matter where, whether he were right or wrong, fate had decided that no good could accrue to either himself or his beloved, should he farther endanger her tranquillity? She now believed him false; let it be so. Better that he should suffer under unmerited reproach, than that she should again be agitated or disturbed.

If he wrote—she would answer; could he—had he the stoicism to hear the complaints with which no doubt her letter would be filled, and not be moved to a line of conduct which, if persisted in, might lead to the saddest and bitterest results, and perhaps eventually mar the brightness and sully the purity which he had so long worshipped and adored.

The *Sortes Virgilianæ* have, before now, influenced the conduct and affected the minds of the greatest and wisest; and, although upon the

present occasion, Saville had not recourse to any book of fate to decide his choice in the course which he had to steer amongst the baffling winds of love and honour, it did so happen that while doubting and hesitating—for his principle almost faltered when he thought of her misery and his own debasement in her estimation—his eyes fell upon an accidentally open page of poems, which lay on his breakfast-table. The lines which were presented to his sight were these, by Soame Jenyns.

“ Too plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes,

My heart your own declare ;

Let it, for Heaven’s sake, suffice

To know your triumph there.

Forbear your utmost power to try,

Nor further urge your sway ;

Press not for what I must deny,

For fear I should obey.

Could all your arts successful prove,

Would you a being undo,

Whose greatest failing is her love,

And that her love for you ?

Say would you use the very power,

You from her fondness claim,

To ruin in one fatal hour,

A life of spotless fame ?

Ah ! cease, dear love, to do an ill,
Because perhaps you may ;
But rather try your utmost skill,
To save me, than betray.

Be you yourself my virtue's guard,
Defend, and not pursue ;
For ah ! I feel the task too hard,
To strive with love and you."

It would, perhaps, be doing an injustice to the firmness and integrity of Saville, to attribute his determination not to write to Harriet to the accidental presentation of this appeal "from Chloe to Strephon" to his view. It certainly was a curious coincidence ; and, accordingly, when Twigg came in and announced that he had got his soap and his enceteras, as he called them, and had written his letter, and meant to send it next day, Saville, much to the disappointment of his servant, and as, I suspect, to that of many of my female readers, who "thought better of him," announced that he had no note to send.

CHAPTER X.

IT was singular enough that Saville's scrupulousness was needless; as it turned out, Harriet—had her sorrow permitted it—might have received his letter, and returned an answer; for, before Twigg's letter reached Florence, she had become a widow. Mr. Smith had been suddenly attacked with some violent spasmodic affection in the middle of the night—his medical man was sent for—he grew worse—three other physicians were called in—and he died.

Harriet's situation after this event would have been embarrassing and difficult, had it not happened that her mother and Colonel O'Lollocky had been her guests at Florence for a few days previous to its occurrence; and, although, Mrs.

O'Lollocky's jointure had been so secured by Smith after his marriage with the daughter, that she was placed in a permanent state of independence, it appeared that the gallant Colonel had discovered the climate of England to be much too keen for him, and that the more genial air of the Continent was infinitely better suited to his constitution than that of his native country. Such had been the liberality of the *young* couple since their happy union, that the circumstance of having an establishment at their command was by no means disagreeable; and as, of course, Harriet would be charmed with their society, it was settled that they should pass a few weeks with her and her husband at Florence,—an indefinite sort of engagement, which the Colonel reasonably imagined might be considerably extended, if convenient.

The death of their hospitable host made no kind of difference in their arrangements; and Harriet, accustomed to the sway of her parent, suffered her to take the reins which in fact were her own; and satisfied, by circumstances, that her

maid's interpretation of Saville's conduct, communicated in Twigg's letter, could not be a correct one, or at all events not one upon which, with her sense of delicacy, she could act, or even rely, she abandoned herself to a grief which her common acquaintance attributed to the loss of her husband, with many observations and remarks upon its oddity and extravagance.

The arrival of Mrs. O'Lollocky, her assumption of power upon the death of the old gentleman, combined with the announcement of the widow's determination not to return to England until the year of mourning was past, produced a serious change in the administration of her domestic affairs. Miss Johnstone, who had anticipated, with more anxiety of feeling than apprehension of the result, the demise of her master as the termination of her residence abroad, newly fired by the certainty of Mr. Twigg's fidelity, confided to her "young lady" her resolution of quitting her service, and proceeding to England; adding, that as an opportunity offered of her

getting home with a "return family," she trusted her immediate departure would not be inconvenient.

Of course, Harriet, who, having been made the *confidante* of her attachment, and necessarily of the exoneration of her lover from the charge of inconstancy and neglect, would not suffer any little worry to herself to interfere with her maid's views and objects. To part with a maid is as unpleasant an affair for a lady as can be well imagined:—she has got used to all her mistress's habits and ways—anticipates her likings, and obviates her antipathies—and is altogether so important a depository of confidential matters, that, puzzled as a king sometimes is to get rid of his prime minister for want of a successor, the royal embarrassment is scarcely so great upon such an occasion as that which is felt by a lady in parting with her *soubrette*.

The arrangements for "Miss J.'s" departure, were, however, speedily made, Mrs. O'Lollocky accelerating her removal as much as possible, she

having conceived an unconquerable aversion from the “ young person ;” whom she believed—and we know how justly—to have been the confederate and counsellor of her daughter while she was single and married ; and anticipated in the reciprocity of dislike, which Miss J. made no great effort to conceal, some plot against herself and her ornamental husband, who was no great favourite with either mistress or maid.

Harriet did not part with her without much regret. Her fidelity and attachment had been proved ; and she quitted her mistress’s service with nearly as much money—including a legacy from her late master—as would produce her an income in England equal to the rental of the territorial domain of the rejected nobleman, who had been dangling about her for some time.

Before she went, Miss J. played the same game with her mistress at Florence, as Twigg had tried with Saville in London ; and, although the state of affairs was considerably altered since the latter period, it made no change in Harriet’s determination—she strenuously refused to

permit Johnstone to be the bearer of a message or even a word to Saville. She saw, it is true, in the vindication of Twigg, a vindication of his master ; but she could not believe that if he were equally anxious upon the subject, he would have permitted such an opportunity as had offered for his exculpation to slip, or have neglected to disabuse her mind upon a topic to her the most galling and mortifying.

“ No, Johnstone,” said Mrs. Smith, “ my parting injunction to you is, not to mention my name to Mr. Saville ; and, above all, I entreat—and indeed command you—not to permit my reason for coming to this determination to escape your lips. Circumstances have occurred under which I might have been justified in sending him my regards and remembrances, if he had thought proper to clear himself from the imputation which he must know rests upon him : I have new reasons afforded me, since my mother’s arrival here, to be satisfied *why* he remained silent.”

“ What does the old lady say ?” said Miss Johnstone.

“ It is of no consequence,” replied Harriet, trembling from head to foot, the tears standing in her eyes, her cheeks pale as death—“ of no consequence whatever; he was right—it was I who first faltered in my affection for *him*—it is right and just, but I cannot help feeling—he is on the very point of marriage to a sister-in-law of his friend Mr. Alvingham.”

“ I don’t believe one single syllable of it, Ma’am,” said Johnstone; “ I am sure it can’t be so, from what Mr. Twigg writes, and what”—

“ It is not likely he would have admitted him to a confidence upon such a subject, at a moment when he knew his man was about to write to *you*.”

“ I won’t believe it, Ma’am,” said Johnstone. “ All I ask is, if I find it out to be a fib,—I’m sure it *is* one,—may I write to you to tell you so; nay, if I am sure it is a fib, may I tell Mr. Saville what I know to be really the case?”

“ Hush, hush, Johnstone,” said Harriet, “ I cannot suffer you to do any of these things—time will show us all. If Mr. Saville has been

calumniated, he will be free to take what course he pleases ; after what you know, and what he knows of my feelings, it would be worse than useless to deny how deeply interested I am in every thing concerning him ; but I have already stooped too much, and I cannot, particularly in my present position, think of communicating with a gentleman who did not consider it worth while to acquit himself in my eyes, or run the risk of admitting the affection I feel for one, who, before you reach England, will perhaps be the husband of another woman."

" Oh, I don't say, Ma'am," replied Johnstone, " but that you show a proper spirit there ; but however fond Mr. Saville may be of the society of his friend Mr. Alvingham, I am quite sure from what Mr. Twigg told me almost the very last time I ever spoke to him, that none of the Miss Simpsons would do for a wife for *him* ; he used to laugh at them, and quiz them, and call them the dear innocents of Baa-lamb hill."

" Ah ! Johnstone," said Harriet, " it has very often happened that first impressions have

entirely worn off, and that men have married women, who in the early stage of their acquaintance, they have laughed at infinitely more than Mr. Saville ever laughed at those young ladies. However, let the case be as it may, my injunctions to you are positive and unqualified; and although I cease to have any control or authority over you, I think I may rely upon you for a compliance with my wishes, the neglect of which could not fail to lower me in the estimation of Mr. Saville, and (which is much worse) in that of my own."

What effect this "preachment," as Mr. Twigg would have called it, eventually had upon Miss Johnstone's conduct after her return to England we may presently see; for the moment, our care is only to wish the kind-hearted creature a pleasant journey to her native country, and all the happiness which she evidently anticipated in her union with the constant Twigg.

The intelligence of Mr. Smith's death reached Saville before the arrival of Miss Johnstone. A thousand natural feelings filled his mind—his

beloved Harriet was free from the chains which had fettered her inclinations; and although the customs of society prescribed rules for the exercise of a proper grief, he could not but consider the demise of her husband as the first step towards the realization of all his hopes, and the consummation of all his earthly happiness.

It was evident that he could not with delicacy take any decided step at the moment; he felt anxious and alarmed for her in her lone and isolated station, not knowing that she was supported by the presence of her mother. But what could *he* do—he had no pretence to be her champion or protector, and although time might secure his eventual comfort, time was absolutely necessary. He now regretted that he had not strained a point, and written a few words of exculpation to the wife of Smith, which would have been read by her only as his widow. Yet he consoled himself with the assurance that Twigg's explanation must have satisfied Harriet of the real cause of his failure in keeping the appointment at the Isle of Wight, which he had

been so anxious to make, and that she must know him too well to attribute his silence to any but its real cause, his anxiety not to subject her even to an imputation of impropriety on his account, while she remained the wife of another.

When Miss Johnstone arrived, and explained not only the actual state of circumstances at Florence, but of the report which Mrs. O'Lollocky had carried thither, Saville's feelings were excited in a very eminent degree, he denounced and anathematized not only himself, the cholera, and the French quarantine laws, but his own timidity, and the old lady's mendacity. His first impulse was to proceed forthwith to Italy, but this scheme he abandoned, because he felt he should needlessly involve himself in contentions with Mrs. O'Lollocky, who, now that she was married, appeared infinitely more inveterate against him than she ever had been before; while her distaste for him was upon all occasions excited and corroborated by her amiable husband, who hoped by keeping him off, to secure to himself all the comforts of his daughter-in-law's convenient

residence, her easy carriages, and her well-bred horses, which, if she married again, would of course be wrested from him, and both the Colonel and his lady agreed, that knowing as they did, the character and disposition of Mrs. Smith, it was only necessary to keep her separate from Saville, to hinder her from again entering into a state in which she had found little but sorrow and vexation. These people, intimate as they were with her, fell into the error which has been before noticed of mistaking gentleness for weakness, and mildness for want of firmness, and under that impression believed they could manage her exactly as they pleased. What their success was, events must show; in the outset of their vice-royalty over her, she seemed implicitly to bow to their will. Still uncertain about Saville, his approaching marriage uncontradicted, she could not venture to rely upon what in due season he might do, and therefore until that due season came, when the truth or falsehood of the stories which had been told her would also be proved, she resolved to bear every inconvenience with meek-

ness and patience, and sustain her character of the obedient daughter which she had so truly acted up to, to the day of her marriage; the entirety of her obedience in the last instance, having been preserved, it must be confessed, rather by accident than upon principle.

The viceroys suggested an immediate removal from Florence, the Colonel undertaking to transact all the necessary business connected with her accession to a part of the fortune and some of the estates of her late husband. Smith had left a considerable portion of his property to his own relations, so that, in fact, when things were wound up, it appeared that besides the house in Buckinghamshire, and that in London, Harriet had about three thousand pounds annual income from the funds, making nearly, one way and another, five thousand a-year.

The Widow, who knew little enough of what are called the ways of the world, had yet a sufficient perception of the sort of man Colonel O'Lollocky was, to desire in her own mind that he should have as little as possible to do with the

management of her concerns ; the Colonel, on the contrary, was all anxiety, civility, and affection, and called her his “ little daughter-in-law,” “ his dear child,” and “ his sweet love,” in a manner so wonderfully warm and easy, that Harriet could scarcely comprehend the character in which the endearing words were addressed to her. Patience was still her motto ; and during this reign of encroachment and submission, the notable Colonel and his superficial lady, firmly believed that they were managing the Widow, and completely superseding Mr. Charles Saville in her thoughts and recollections.

Saville, who was greatly affected by the new imputation of an intended marriage, considered that circumstance, of itself, a sufficient ground for writing a few lines to Harriet, although Miss Johnstone entreated him for her sake to do no such thing. That in the first place, it would prove to Mrs. Smith that she had broken her promise, which, although it was true she had done so, she had done with the best possible intentions ; and in the second place, it might

expose her late mistress to some unpleasant discussions with her mother and her father-in-law, who would not fail to see and inquire into the particulars of any letter she might receive from England.

Saville—who, the reader must have already perceived, was infinitely more careful of Harriet's happiness than his own—listened to the plausible reasonings of Harriet's *ci-devant* maid; and at length acceded to her earnest request to manage the matter according to her own method, which was to allow *her* to write all the facts of the case to the Widow, stating the nature of the circumstances by which she had ascertained the falsehood of the report of the marriage, and Mr. Saville's anxious desire to have one line of intelligence concerning her views and projected movements, telling her at the same time that it was in compliance with her request that he had not written himself, and begging her, if she had any regard for a gentleman, who was entirely devoted to her, to commission her in her answer to say something to him to keep up his spirits,

or to suggest, if she felt so inclined, the best mode of avoiding the controversy which she was but too certain would arise, if he either went to Florence, or sent her any letters openly; winding up all these statements, petitions, and observations, by declaring her conviction that no man upon earth would more gratefully receive a favourable word or two, or more zealously strive to deserve the preference which it was impossible for her to deny, and which she, "Miss J." knew her young lady felt for him, beyond all other living beings.

Satisfied with the wisdom and prudence of this half-measure, Saville became considerably tranquillized by the reflection, that, in a few days, Harriet would, upon good authority—the best except his own—be informed of the injury which had been attempted on his character for constancy, and busied himself in looking out for a successor to Twigg, who, in a fortnight, was to leave him in order "to better himself," marry Miss Johnstone, take possession of a tavern in the neighbourhood of Covent-Garden,

and begin life with his dear partner, upon their united funds, the produce of mutual industry and integrity.

Time passed, and Twigg was blest. The happy couple left town in a one horse chaise to pass the honey week—for they had not time to make a moon of it—at the Crooked Billet on Penge Common, where they only remained till the next day, both parties being perfectly agreed upon the false delicacy of seclusion, which to them was so novel and uninteresting a system, that six days' residence there, would have been a season of gall instead of “treacle,” as Lord Byron calls it; they accordingly returned to the metropolis in their buggy, and in a very short time were in active employment in their new vocation.

A month elapsed—not of honey to Saville—before the amiable Mrs. Twigg received any acknowledgment from her late mistress of the budget of news which she had sent her. At last, however, it came; it contained a kind of April scolding,—half clouds, half sunshine,—for having, as she almost feared, violated all her in-

structions with regard to Saville, when she saw him; some good advice, and a request that she would write no more.

In one corner were these words, which she desired Mr. Saville might see.

“It is of the greatest consequence to me that I should not receive any letter from Mr. Saville, even if he had any thing to say which should induce him to write. We shall be moving about without any fixed residence, for some months. I should be greatly annoyed if he were to visit the continent. At a future time I shall be most happy to see him, when he can give me all those explanations of his absence from the Isle of Wight, which he seems anxious to do. But again I beg of you, if you should accidentally see him, to impress upon him the danger and impolicy of his neglecting my request. Situated as we are, it does not require a correspondence to maintain a friendship. The day will come when less restraint upon my actions may be necessary.”

This was all that was wanting to ensure—not

his perfect happiness, for *that*, he could not be supposed to enjoy while thus debarred the presence of his beloved—but his confidence in Harriet. It was clear that her position was painful and disagreeable in an eminent degree; but what she said clearly proved that she was aware of the difficulties by which her mother's unfortunate marriage had surrounded her. It also showed that she was firmly resolved to defeat whatever machinations they might be employed upon, and when the time came “which must come,” and which Saville construed into the termination of the year of mourning, act with decision and firmness upon the point where her happiness or misery was so deeply concerned.

It is scarcely possible to describe the manœuvres of the gallant Colonel; but his last grand *coup*, was the introduction of his younger brother, a lieutenant on the half pay of his former regiment, who met the party *unexpectedly* on their way from Rome to Naples, and who was immediately quartered upon Mrs. Smith. It was impossible for her to decline the

acquaintance of her mother's brother-in-law, or to refuse him the hospitalities which she had extended to his brother; but nothing could be more annoying. He was a pert, impertinent, vulgar dandy, than which nothing on earth can be more odious. He was decked out in tawdry chains and rings, all badly made, (some of them of Mosaic gold,) and wore huge bunches of ringlets over his ears, and a Charley on his under lip. Add to this that he smoked incessantly, and repeated jokes said to have been made by eminent persons, at what he was pleased to call "the West end," (all of which had, centuries before his existence, graced the ancient jest books whence Mr. Joseph Miller culled his choicest flowers,) and a pretty fair judgment may be formed of the advantages of his society.

It was evident to Harriet, from the clumsiness of the fellow himself, that it was intended, if she evinced a disposition to marry again, she, like her mother, should become Mrs. O'Lollocky—Mrs. Eneas O'Lollocky it would be. The gallant Colonel's first desire was that

she should not marry at all, and therefore the first object in having over the Lieutenant was that he might act scarecrow, and frighten away the flutterers from the fruit. The secondary point to gain was, that if she married any body, she should marry him.

This “double-barrelled scheme,” as the Colonel called it, was instantly seen through by the timid Harriet, who resolved that the question should be speedily set at rest; her pride not being less hurt at the supposition that she could ever admit such a person to her heart, than at the flagrant indelicacy of foisting him into the family before the first month of her widowhood had expired.

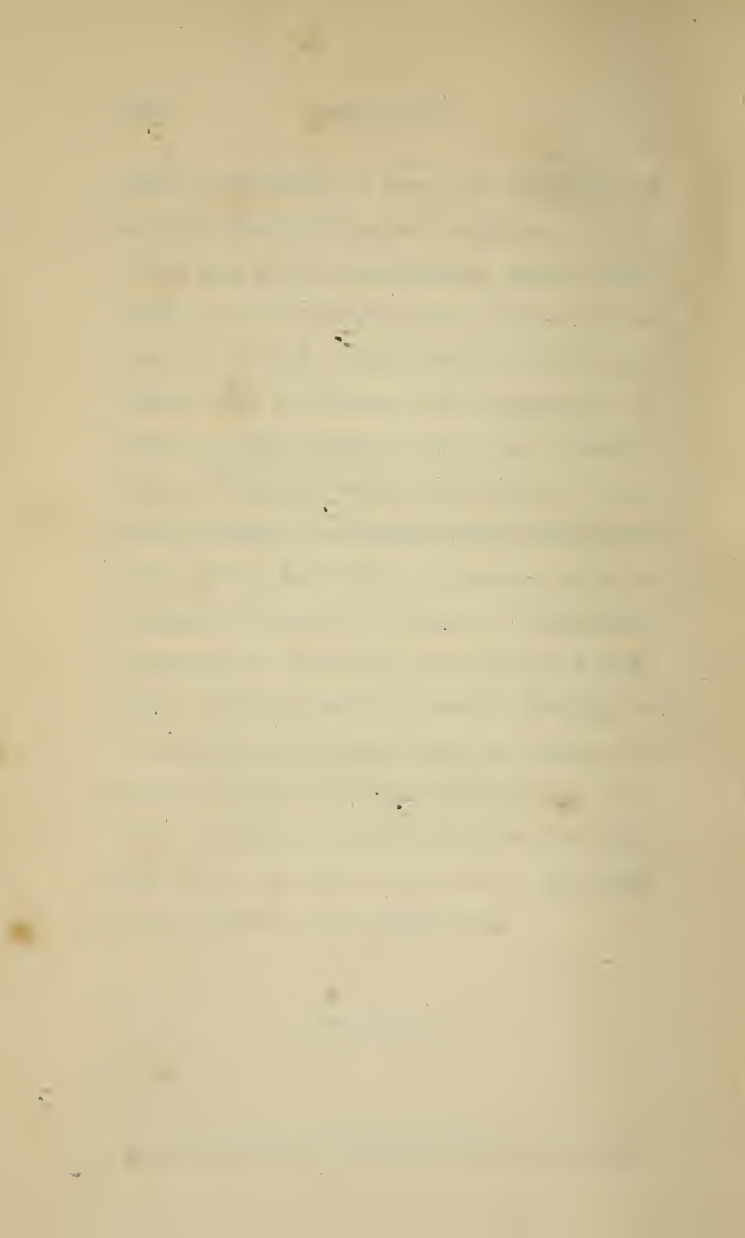
Of this speculation Saville was, of course ignorant; but had he been aware of it, his uneasiness would only have been excited for the lady's sake. He had now a regular admission of her feelings, under her own hand; of the needlessness of any correspondence to maintain and keep those feelings alive, and he had only patiently to endure the flight of time, until she

should be at liberty to avow her resolution, for the enjoyment of all earthly happiness.

It is true that it required some stretch of philosophy to look forward with calmness to so distant a period ; but it was inevitable, and satisfied with the wisdom of his precautions, he endeavoured to “kill the enemy,” as Lieutenant Eneas O’Lollocky would have said, by a constant succession of occupations and amusements, which carried him on to the autumn, when he accepted his annual invitation to Harlingham Parsonage, for which place he speedily left town, little expecting that the peaceful dwelling of the parson of the parish was to become the scene of events of the highest importance to his future prospects, and which, whatever the reader may do, he did not at the time of his arrival there, imagine could possibly occur.

END OF VOL. I.



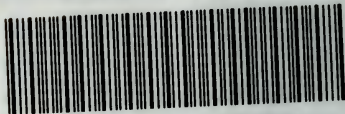








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